THE LINE OF DC SUPER-STARS

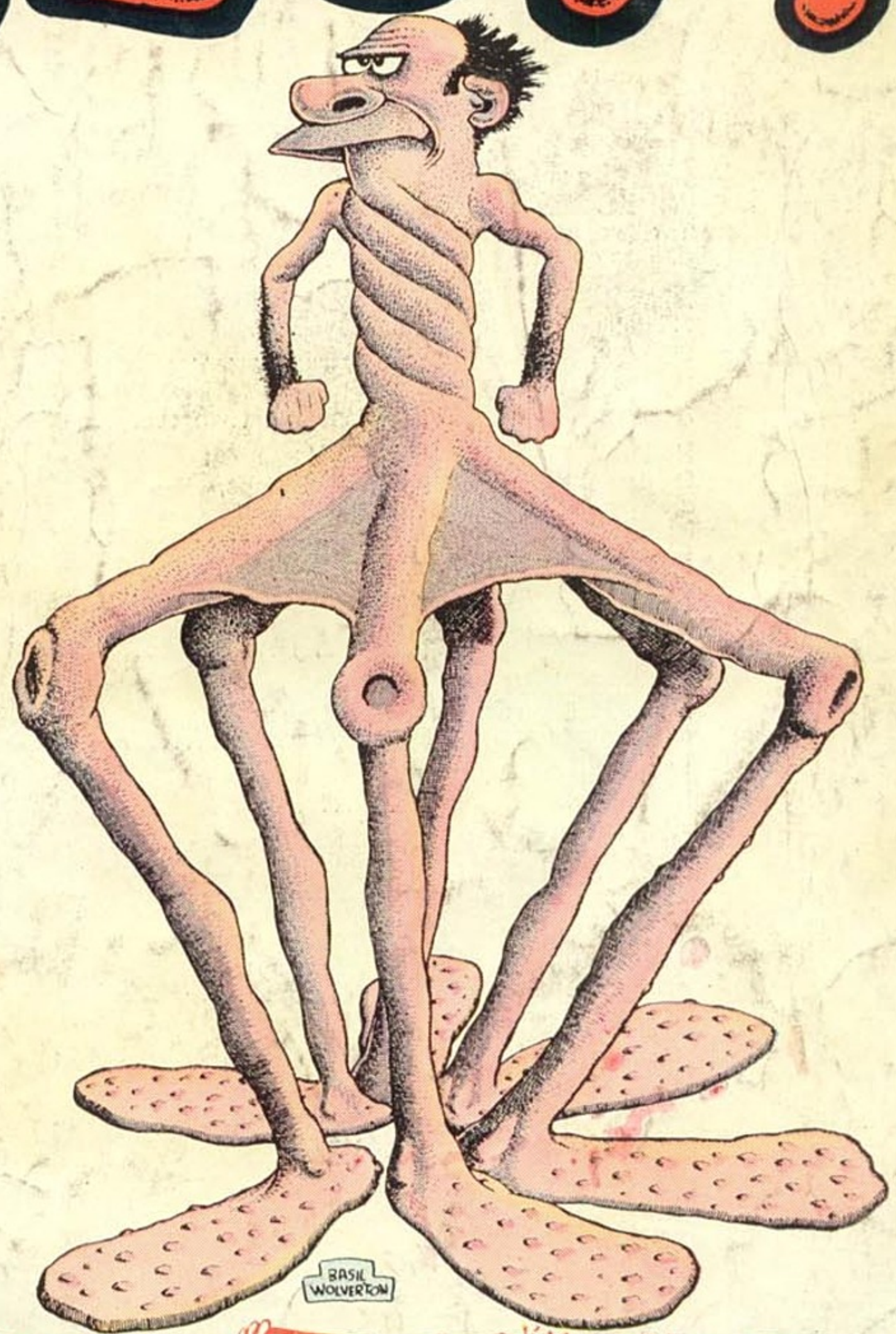
THE MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!

25¢

NO. 10
MAR.
30610

PLOP!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY



FEETS FLEAGLE, made his debut as a tap dancer at age two, gave up show biz with the demise of vaudeville. Has since become wrapped up in his own successful exterminating business as a super cockroach stomper.

NUMBER 10 MARCH 1975

CARMINE INFANTINO—PUBLISHER OF

PLOP!

ZA-528

JOE ORLANDO, EDITOR & CHIEF GURU

PAUL LEVITZ, Assistant Editor & Acolyte

And Contributing Artists, Writers, Troublemakers & Weirdos:

Sergio Aragones, E. Nelson Bridwell, Ric Estrada, Basil Woverton, Robert Johnson, Dave Manak, Coram Nobis, Steve Skeates

and anybody else we can get to work for us cheap!

proudly present

TABLE OF PLOP-TENTS

A PLOPPY CHRISTMAS
The three lunatics meet Santa Claus, and go on a world-wide trip 2

ANDROKLUTZ AND THE LION
. . . beginning in Rome, with a fabulous fable that gets a bit damaged in the re-telling 5

PRESCRIPTION PLOPS
A no-nonsense cure for your January 1st hangover ... 11

PRISON PLOPS
Or, if you forget to read Prescription Plops, a tour of where they're gonna send you for driving on New Year's Eve 13

A CHANGE OF DIET
This takes our Plop-prowlers to a Transylvanian laboratory for a fascinating experiment gone wrong 16

MONSTER PLOP
Of course, if you hang around that lab too long, you might end up starring in this section 20

PLOP DROP
Readers write—we take flight 23

THE SECRET ORIGIN OF GROOBLE MAN
And now, back to the U.S. for a super-hero Plop 26

PEOPLE PLOPS
Balancing our last story of extraordinary folks, here's jokes about down-to-earth types 30

GOURMET PLOPS
A tasty treat before we beat a hasty retreat 31

ANIMAL PLOPS
Last but not least, man's best friend—the beast! 33

PLOP!, Vol. 3, No. 10, Mar.-Apr., 1975. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10019. Carmine Infantino, Publisher. Joe Orlando, Editor. Paul Levitz, Assistant Editor. Sol Harrison, Vice-President. Jack Adler, Production Manager. Copyright © 1974 by National Periodical Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.: National Periodical Publications, Inc., 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Rate $3 in U.S.A. ($4 elsewhere). Subscription is for consecutive issues totalling $3.00 of their cover prices.

This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

AH HA! HERE COMES OLD JELLY-BELLY NOW! WE'D BETTER MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE! AND, WHILE WE'RE AT IT, LET'S HIDE, TOO!

WELL, BOYS, HERE I GO AGAIN. ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER SACK OF TOYS. HO-HO-HUM. THE TEDIUM OF THIS ROUTINE EXISTENCE IS SO... UH...TEDIOUS!

ON, DASHER! ON, DANCER! ON, DONDER AND BLITZEN! ON, COMET! ON, CUPID!
HO-HO-HUM!
SANTA'S PLACE
NORTH·POLE

WE'RE OFF! WE'RE IN THE AIR!
GOOD! NOW LET'S SUBTLY MAKE OUR PRESENCE KNOWN TO GOOD OLD ST. NICK!

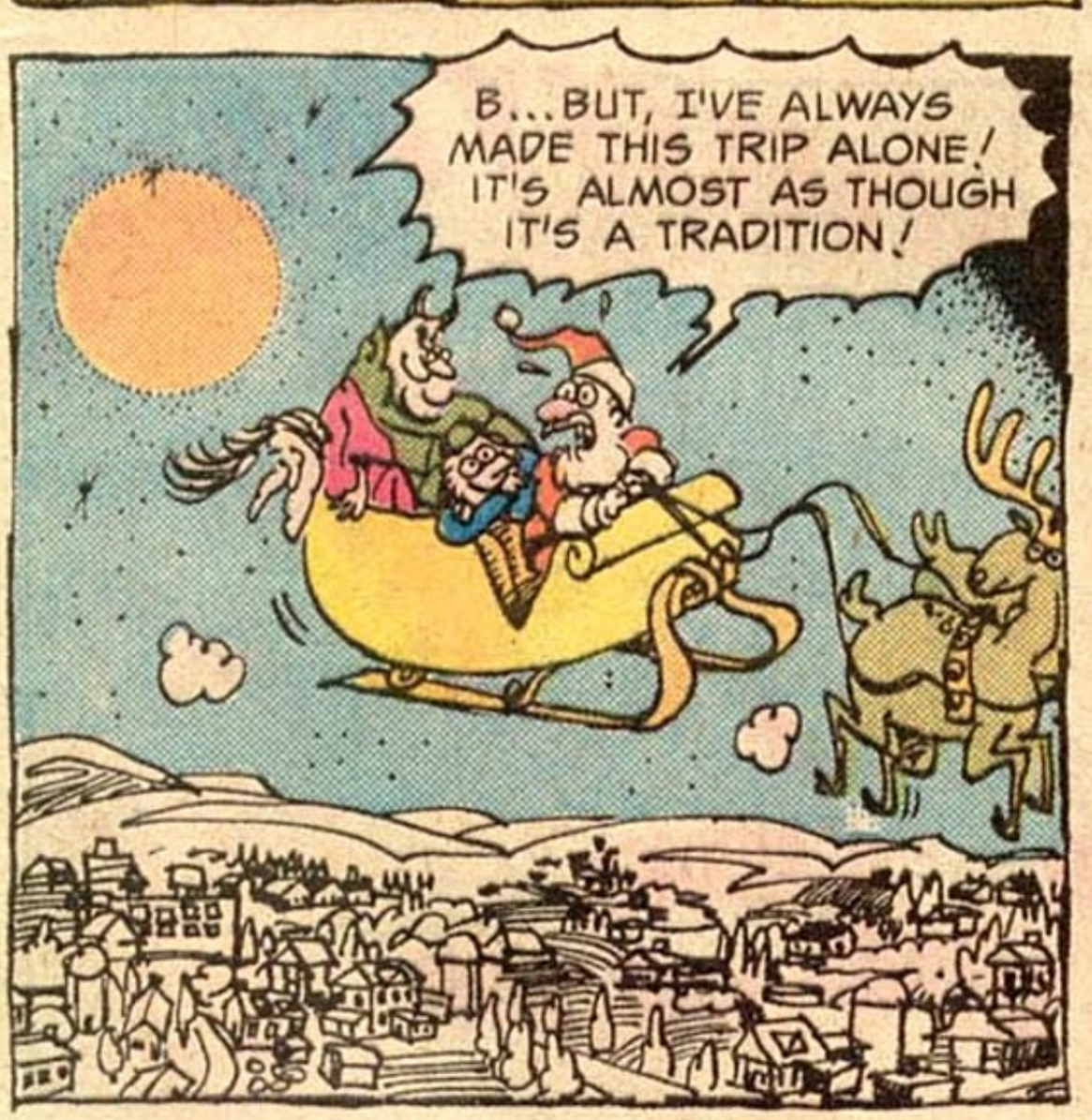
HI THERE, SANTA!
EKK

HE FAINTED!

GIT OUT OF HERE! NOBODY GETS TO ACCOMPANY ME ON MY TRIP! IT'S AGAINST THE RULES!
BUT SANTA, DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE US? WE'RE CAIN, ABEL AND EVE, AND WE CAN DO ANYTHING WE WANT, BECAUSE THIS IS OUR MAGAZINE!

BESIDES, WE'RE DOING THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! WE'RE DOING THIS BECAUSE YOU'RE A LOVELY OLD MAN WHO GIVES TOYS TO CHILDREN!
THE WORLD OWES YOU SO MUCH, SANTA!

SO, IN APPRECIATION OF ALL YOU HAVE DONE FOR THE WORLD, WE'VE DECIDED TO COME ALONG WITH YOU AND ENTERTAIN YOU!

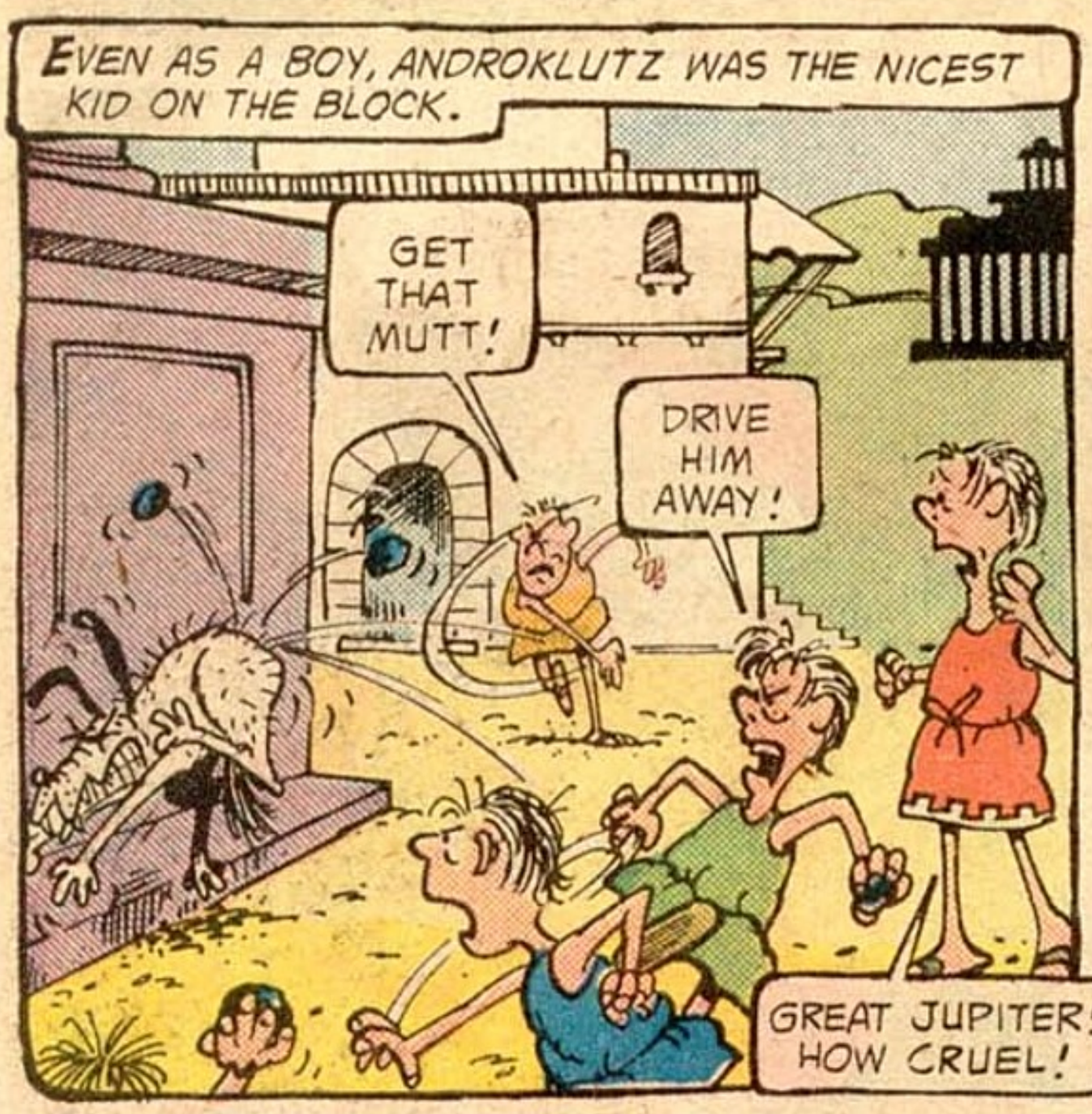

B...BUT, I'VE ALWAYS MADE THIS TRIP ALONE! IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH IT'S A TRADITION!

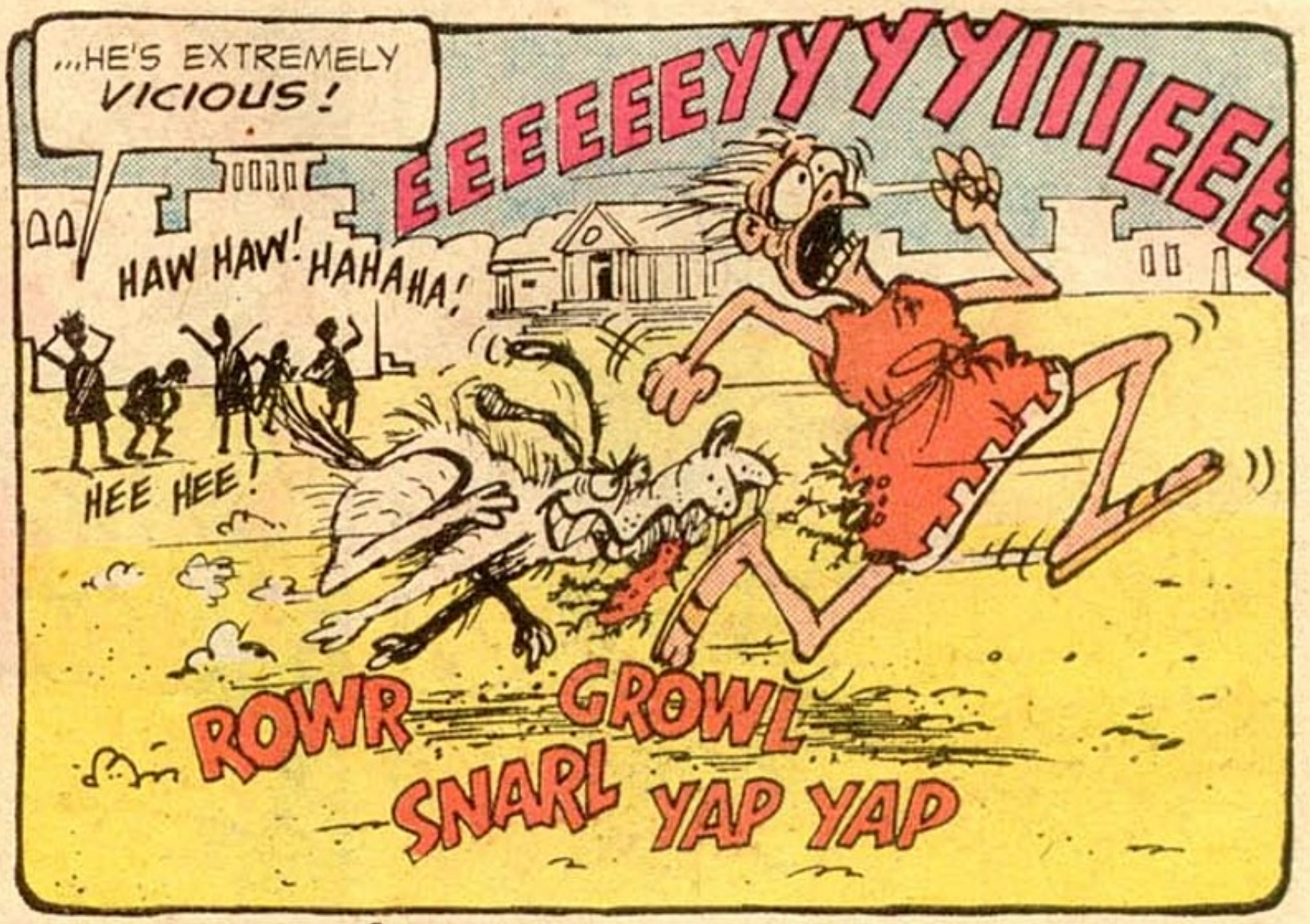
AH, FORGET ABOUT SILLY TRADITION, SANTA, AND SETTLE BACK AND LISTEN TO ONE OF THE GREATEST STORIES YOU'VE EVER HEARD IN YOUR ENTIRE JOLLY LIFE!

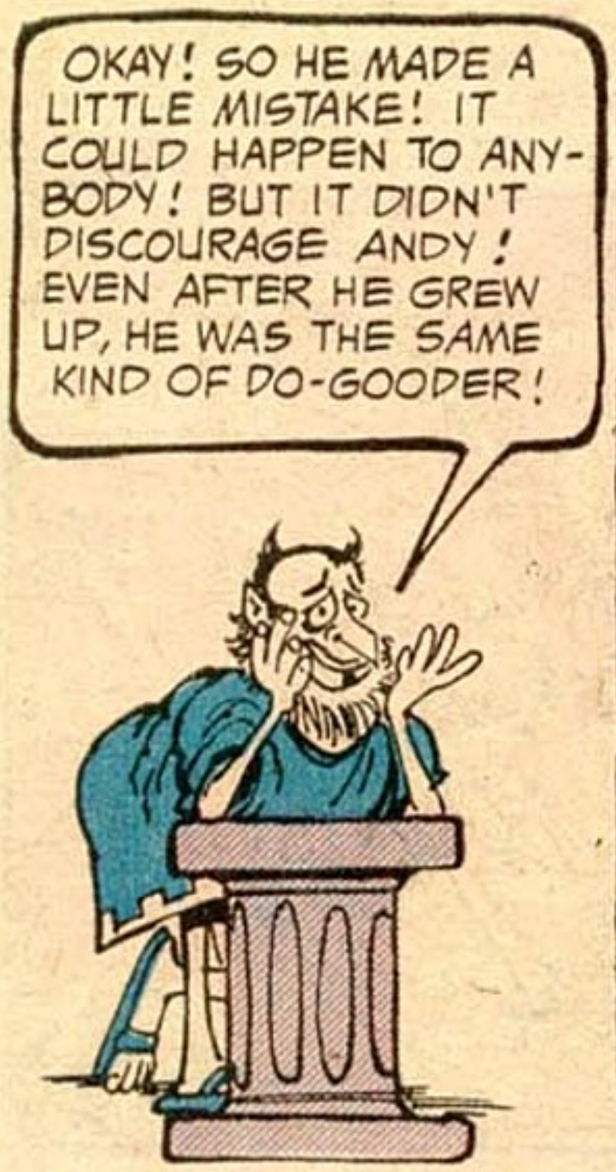
THIS STORY TAKES US BACK TO THE TIME OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. IT CONCERNS A FELLOW WHO WAS SO KIND, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT! HE WAS KIND TO LITTLE OLD LADIES! HE WAS KIND TO ANIMALS! HE WAS EVEN KIND TO WILD BEASTS! THIS IS THE TALE OF...

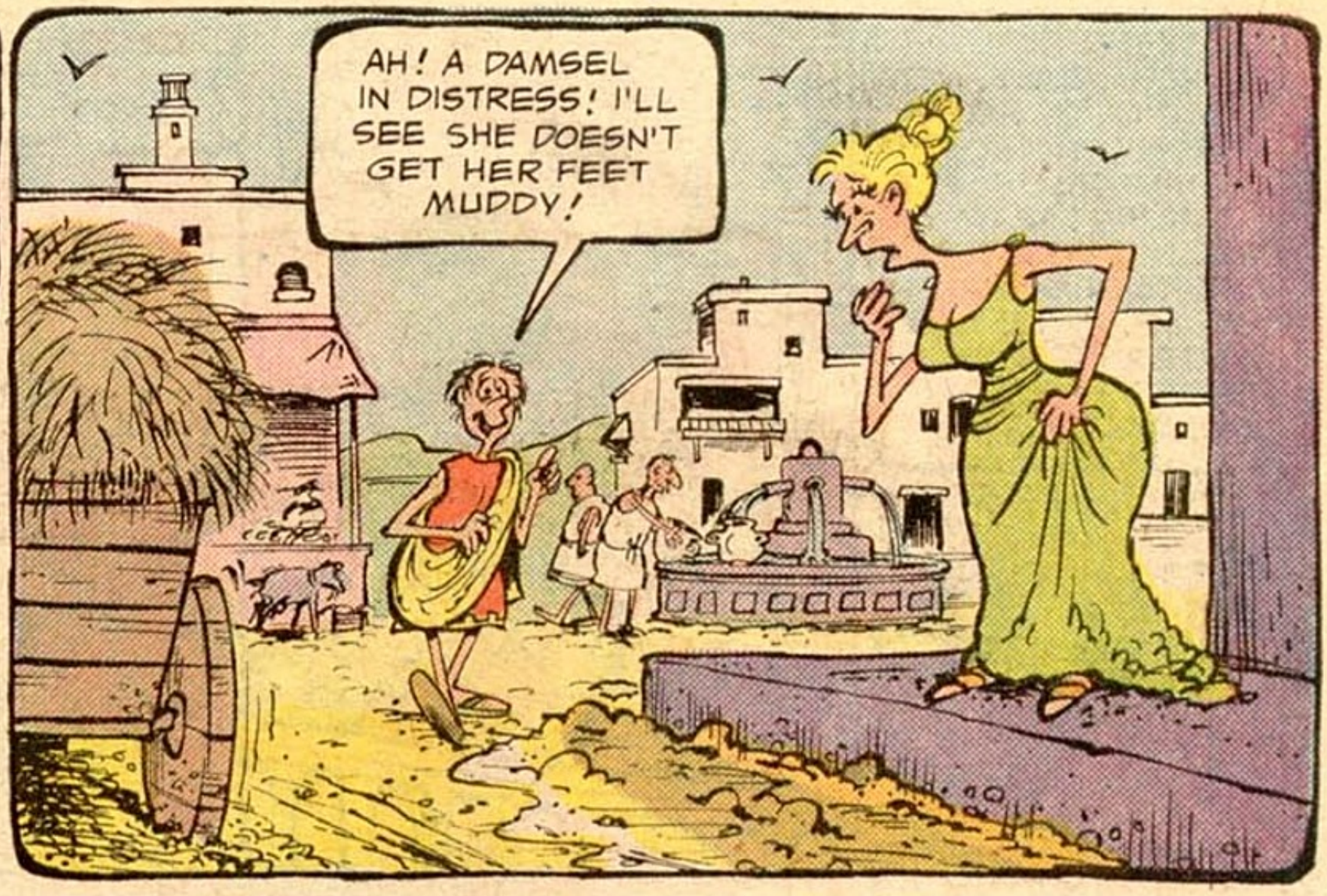
androklutz and the Lion

STORY--E. NELSON BRIDWELL and JOE ORLANDO ART--DAVID MANAK
FROM THE FABLE-***THE LION AND THE THORN*** BY AMBROSE BIERCE



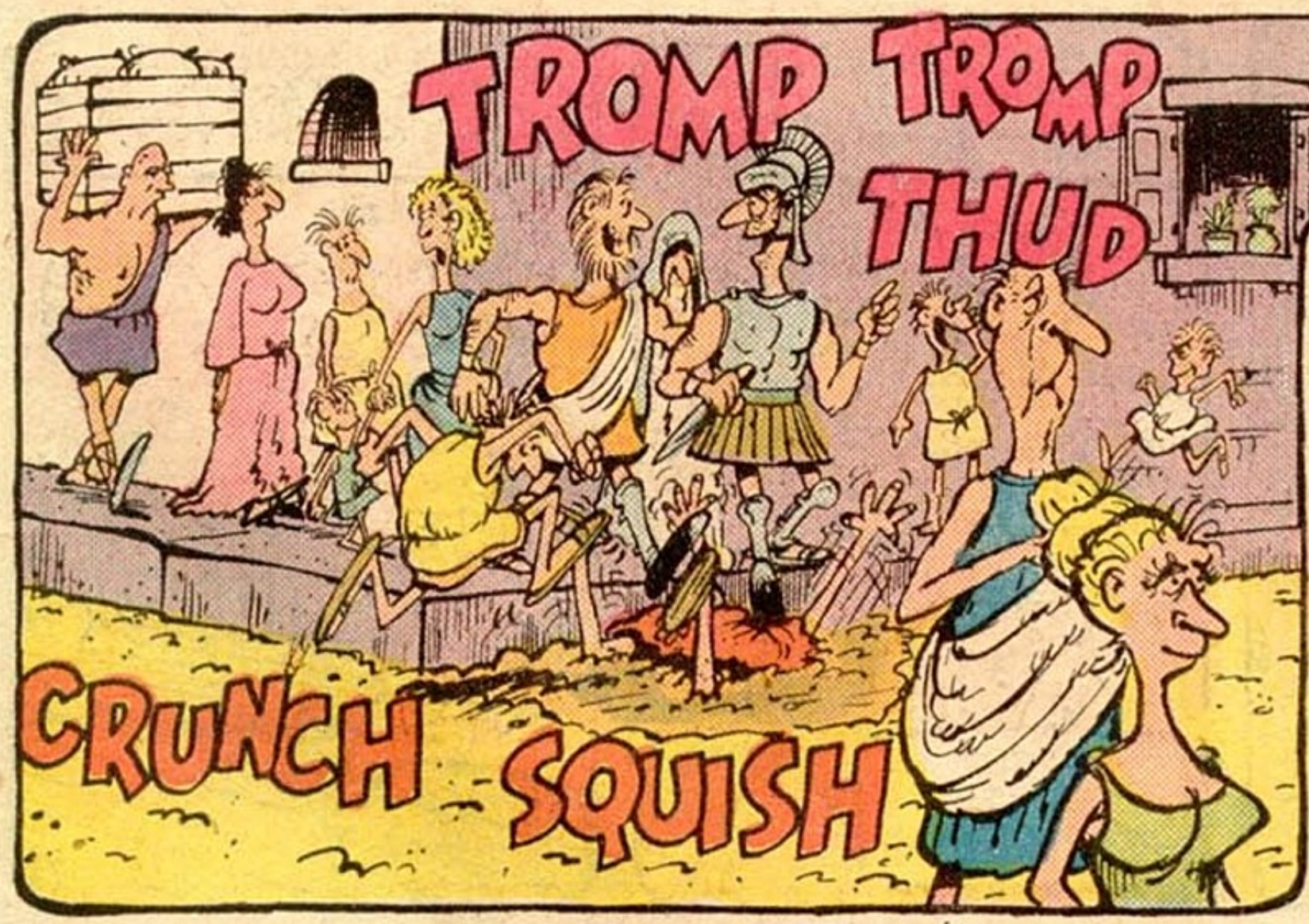



OKAY! SO HE MADE A LITTLE MISTAKE! IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYBODY! BUT IT DIDN'T DISCOURAGE ANDY! EVEN AFTER HE GREW UP, HE WAS THE SAME KIND OF DO-GOODER!

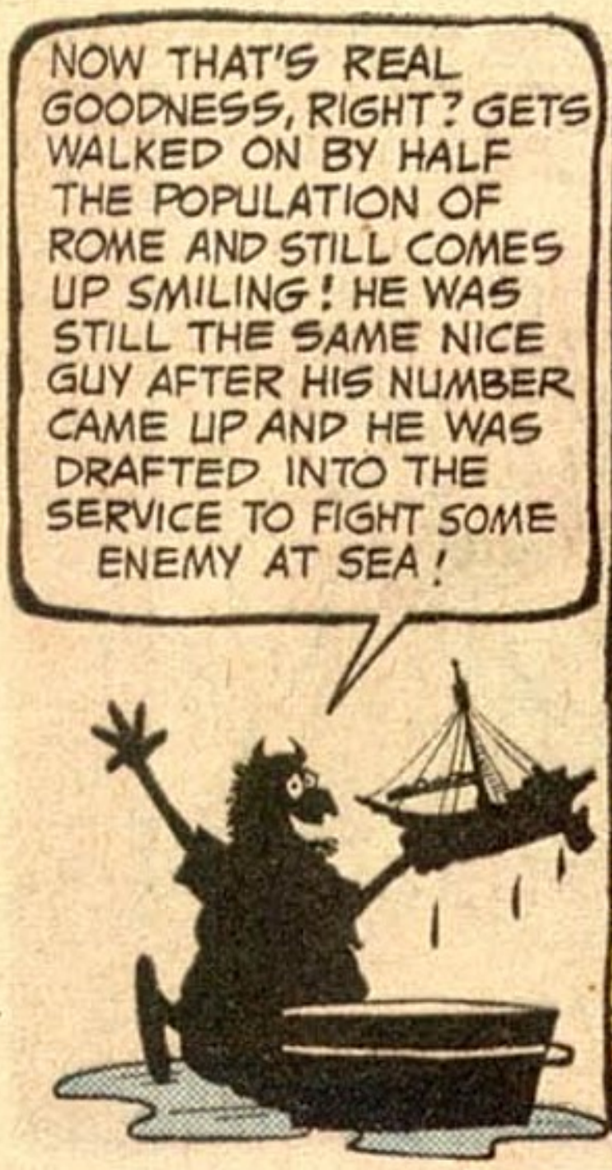

AH! A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS! I'LL SEE SHE DOESN'T GET HER FEET MUDDY!

ALLOW ME, FAIR ONE!

PLOP


TROMP TROMP
THUD
CRUNCH SQUISH

I'M SURE SHE'D HAVE THANKED ME IF SHE HADN'T BEEN IN SUCH A HURRY!
2


NOW THAT'S REAL GOODNESS, RIGHT? GETS WALKED ON BY HALF THE POPULATION OF ROME AND STILL COMES UP SMILING! HE WAS STILL THE SAME NICE GUY AFTER HIS NUMBER CAME UP AND HE WAS DRAFTED INTO THE SERVICE TO FIGHT SOME ENEMY AT SEA!

I WONDER IF THEY'VE JUST TRIED TALKING THINGS OVER WITH THE FOE?

HELP!
THE SHIP LURCHED! GENERAL BRUTALLICUS HAS FALLEN OVERBOARD! HAW!
GOOD RIDDANCE!

I'LL SAVE HIM! SOMEBODY HOLD MY ARMOR!

HIS ARMOR'S TOO HEAVY! I'LL HAVE TO REMOVE IT TO GET HIM TO THE SURFACE!

AH, THAT'S IT! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN NO TIME!

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, GENERAL! I SAVED YOU!
YES, BUT WHERE'S MY ARMOR!

PUT HIM IN IRONS AND DOCK HIS SALARY UNTIL MY ARMOR IS PAID FOR!

SO HE SPENT THE WAR IN CHAINS! BUT LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE--HE DIDN'T HAVE TO DO ANY FIGHTING! AFTER HIS DISCHARGE, ANDY STARTED HOME. IT WAS THEN THAT HE MET THE CO-STAR OF THE STORY, IN THE FOREST!

ROOOOOOOUUU
OH, A POOR CREATURE IN PAIN! I MUST HELP HIM!

SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S BOUND TO HAPPEN TO ME-- BUT I CAN'T LET A DUMB BEAST SUFFER!

PLOP

THANKS, PAL! I SURE APPRECIATE IT!
D-DID YOU SPEAK?

OF COURSE--BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD MAN! WE ONLY SPEAK TO THE BETTER SORTS OF PEOPLE! AFTER ALL-- WE LIONS ARE KINGS! WE CAN'T HOBNOB WITH JUST ANYBODY!

GEE--FOR ONCE I DID A GOOD DEED WITHOUT ANYTHING BAD HAPPENING TO ME!

PLOP
4

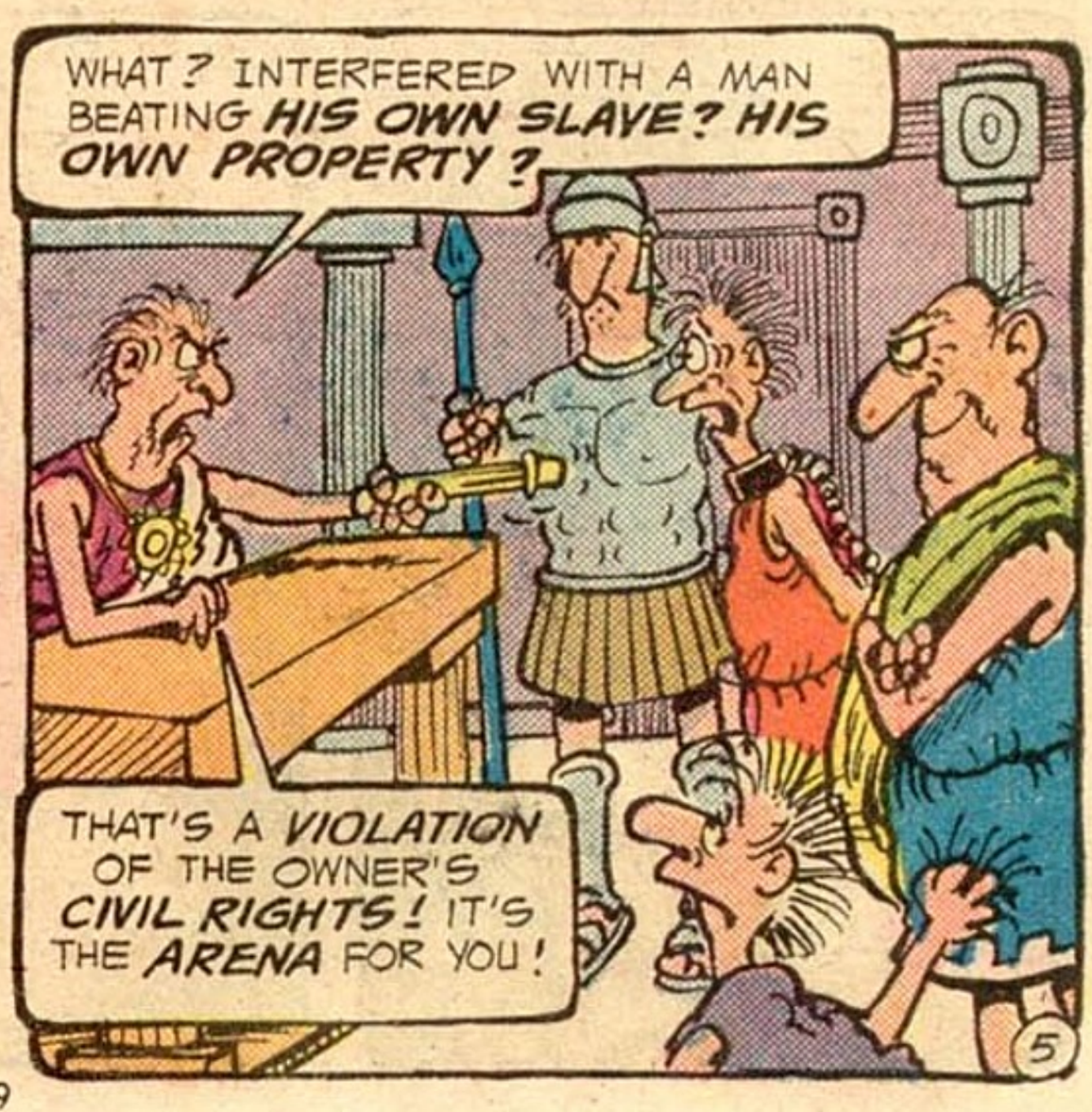
OOPS! LITTLE MISSTEP THERE! BUT ANDY KNEW A MAN NEEDED A GOOD HEART, A GENEROUS HAND, AND A SHARP MIND-- OH WELL, TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD!

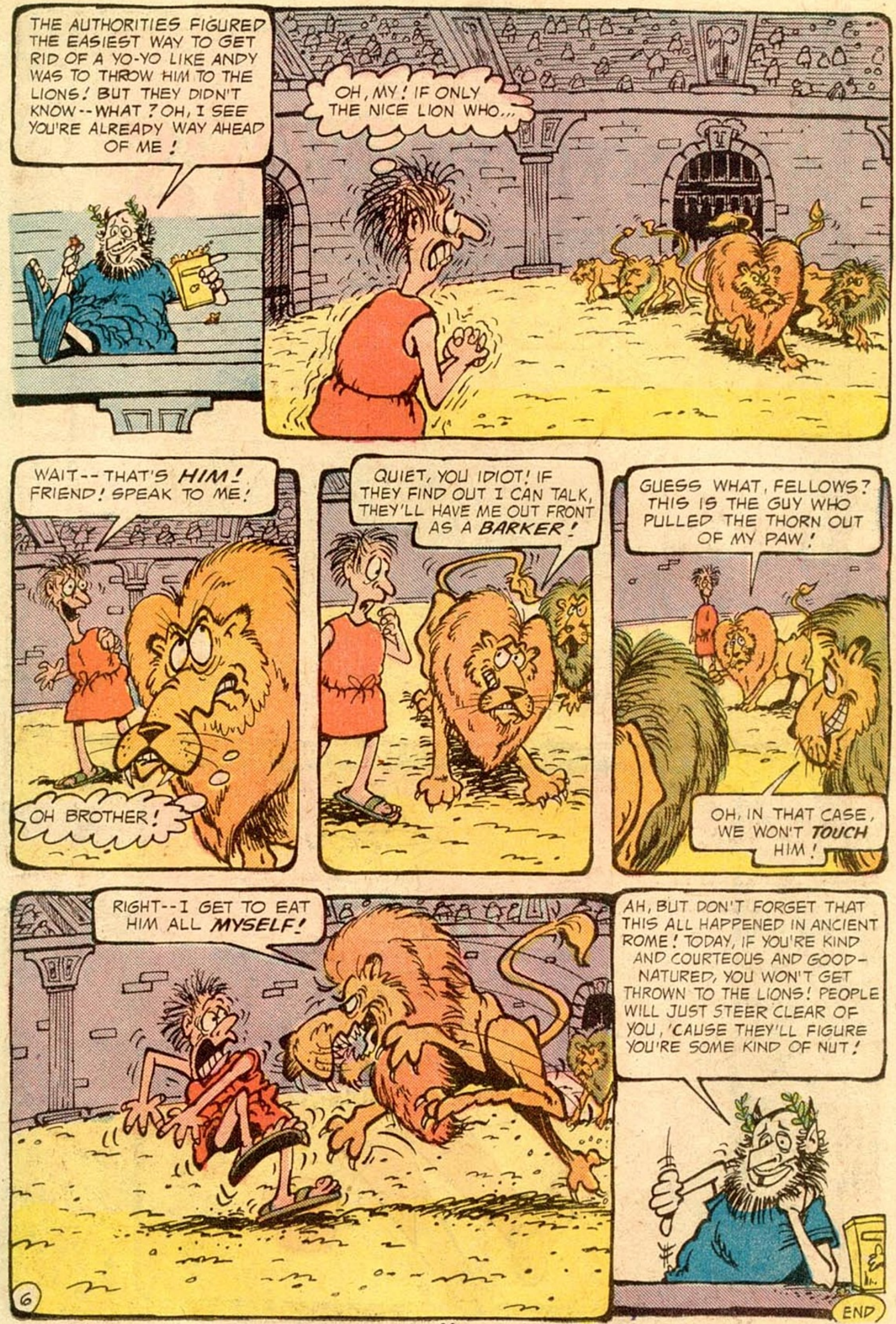
MY GOODNESS, THAT'S TERRIBLE!

HERE NOW, STOP THAT! PLEASE DON'T BEAT THE POOR FELLOW!

WHAT!? HOW DARE YOU TRY TO KEEP ME FROM CHASTISING MY OWN SLAVE! TAKE THAT-- AND THAT!
I'M HOLDING HIM, MASTER!

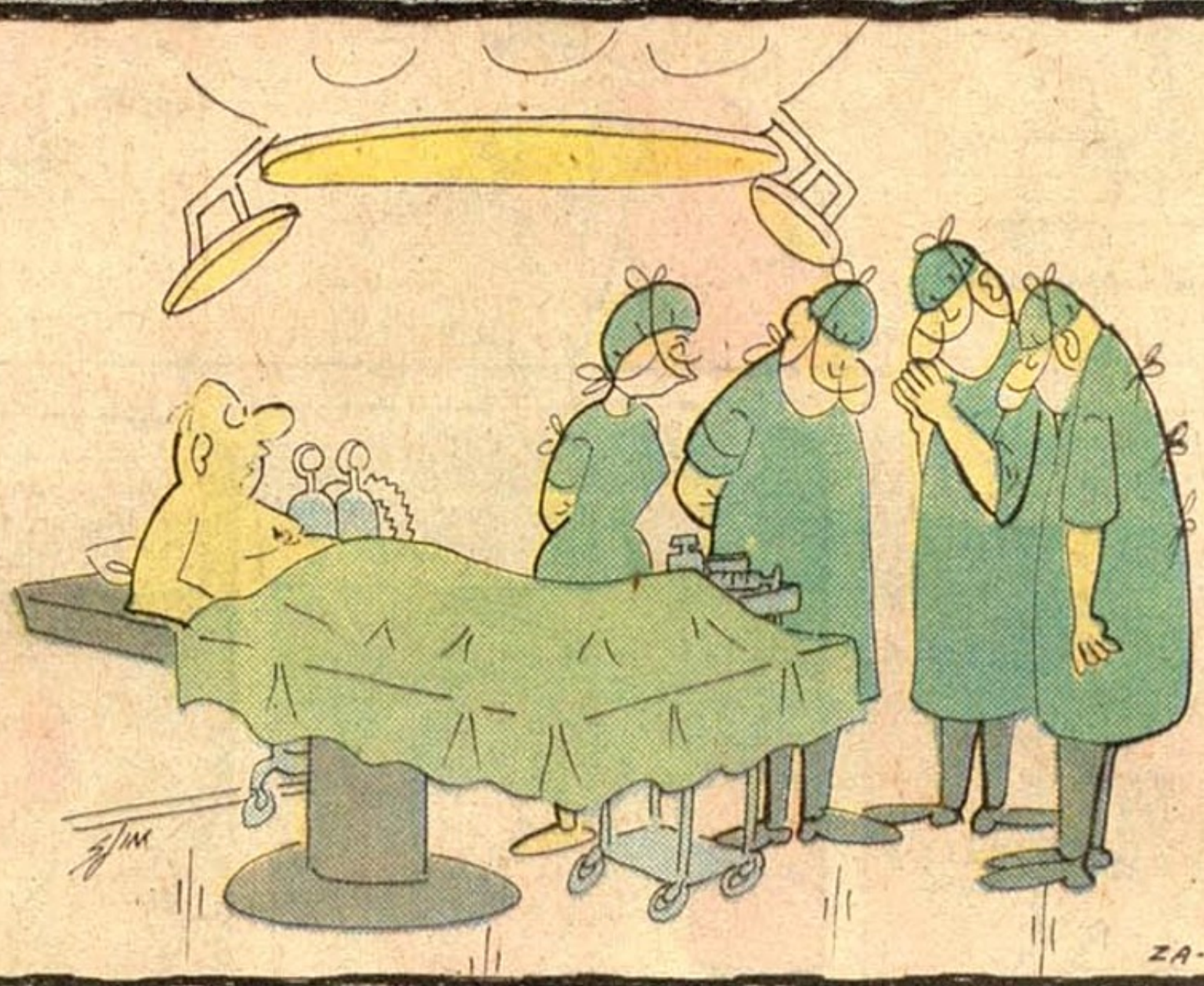
TAKE HIM TO THE MAGISTRATE! I'LL SWEAR OUT A COMPLAINT!

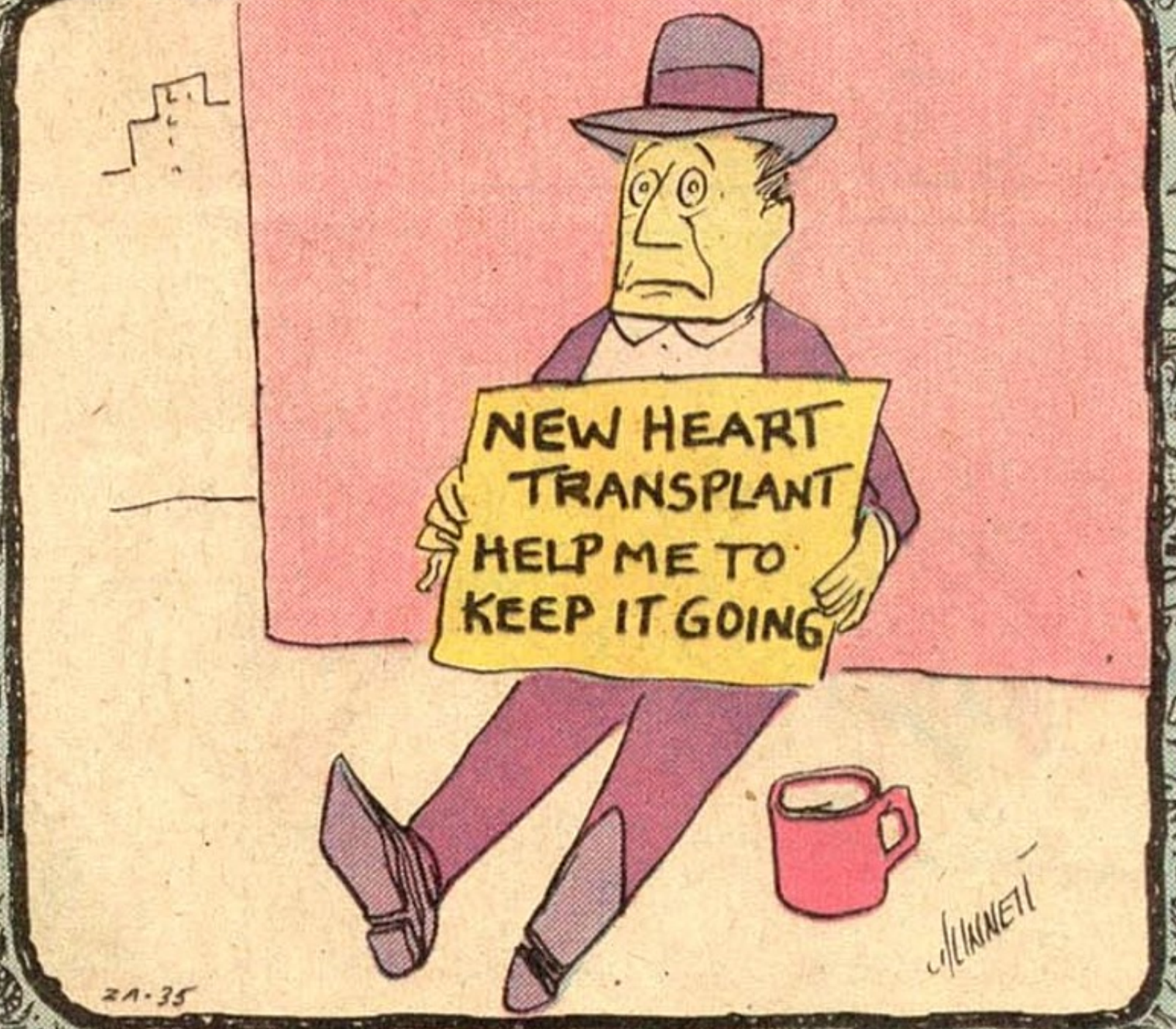

WHAT? INTERFERED WITH A MAN BEATING HIS OWN SLAVE? HIS OWN PROPERTY?
THAT'S A VIOLATION OF THE OWNER'S CIVIL RIGHTS! IT'S THE ARENA FOR YOU!

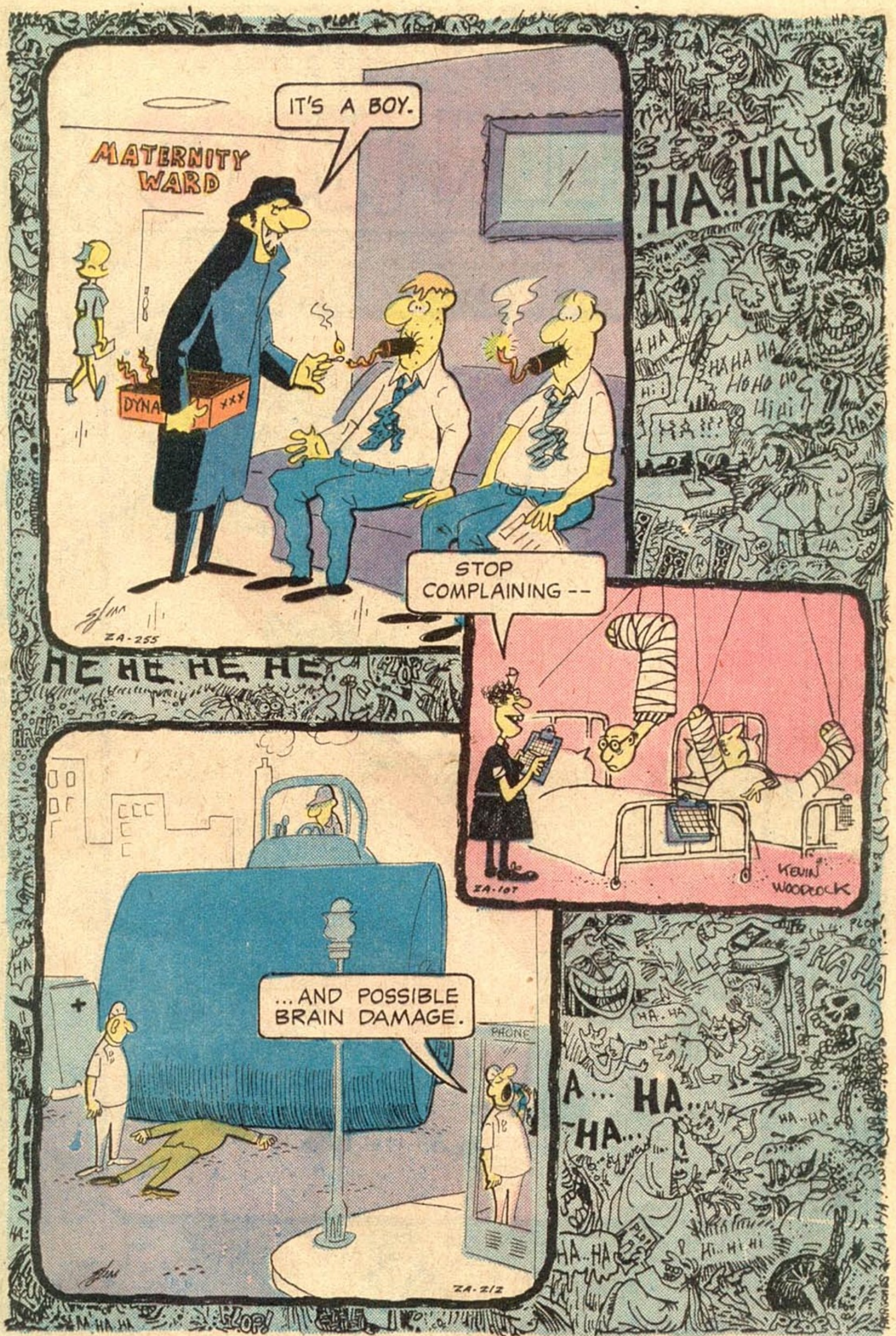

THE AUTHORITIES FIGURED THE EASIEST WAY TO GET RID OF A YO-YO LIKE ANDY WAS TO THROW HIM TO THE LIONS! BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW--WHAT? OH, I SEE YOU'RE ALREADY WAY AHEAD OF ME!
OH, MY! IF ONLY THE NICE LION WHO...
WAIT--THAT'S HIM! FRIEND! SPEAK TO ME!
OH BROTHER!
QUIET, YOU IDIOT! IF THEY FIND OUT I CAN TALK, THEY'LL HAVE ME OUT FRONT AS A BARKER!
GUESS WHAT, FELLOWS? THIS IS THE GUY WHO PULLED THE THORN OUT OF MY PAW!
OH, IN THAT CASE, WE WON'T TOUCH HIM!
RIGHT--I GET TO EAT HIM ALL MYSELF!
AH, BUT DON'T FORGET THAT THIS ALL HAPPENED IN ANCIENT ROME! TODAY, IF YOU'RE KIND AND COURTEOUS AND GOOD-NATURED, YOU WON'T GET THROWN TO THE LIONS! PEOPLE WILL JUST STEER CLEAR OF YOU, 'CAUSE THEY'LL FIGURE YOU'RE SOME KIND OF NUT!
6
END

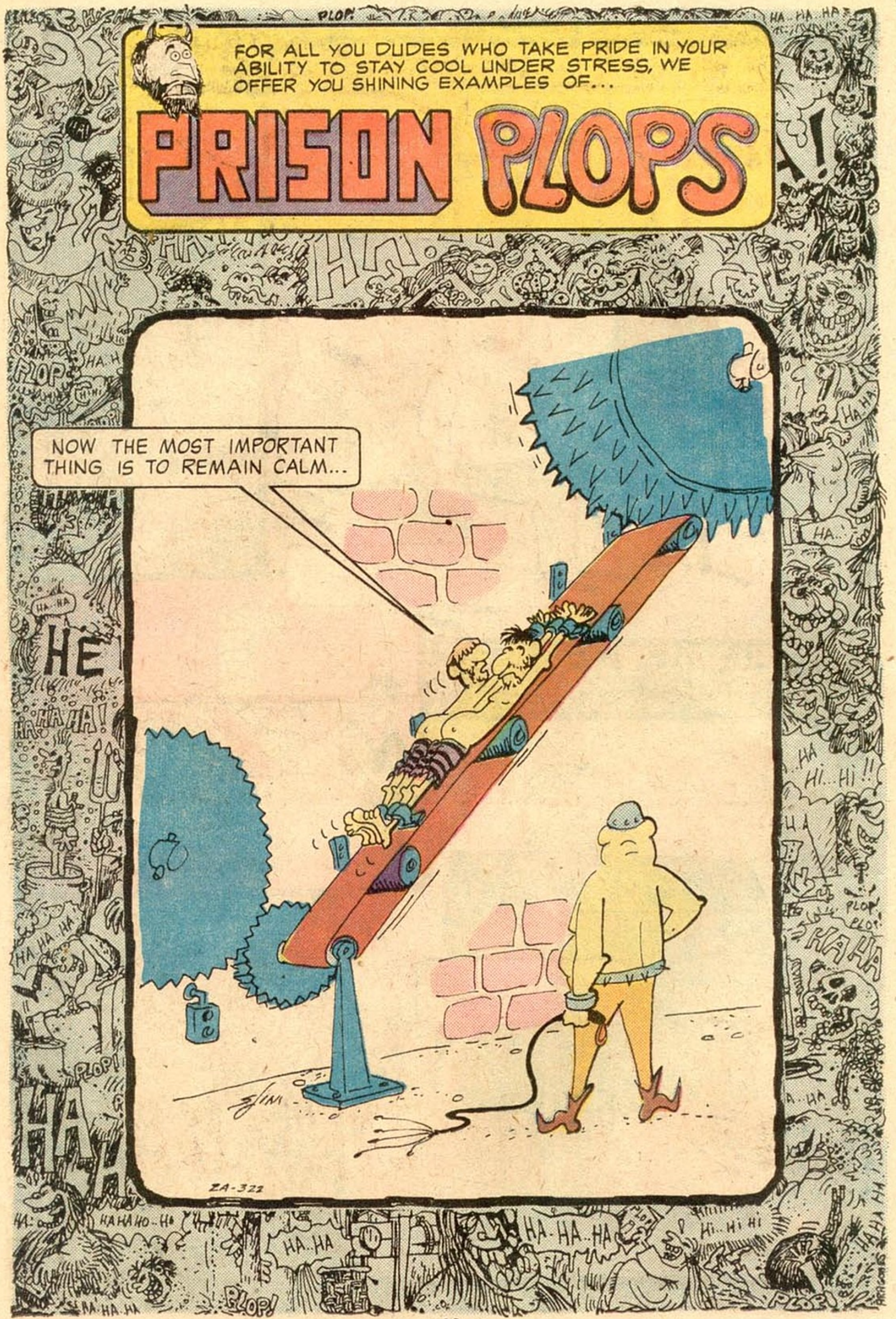
AND NOW FOR ALL YOU GOOD-NATURED KLUTZES OUT THERE--BEFORE YOU LET SOMEONE PUT YOU UNDER THE KNIFE, TRY OUR...

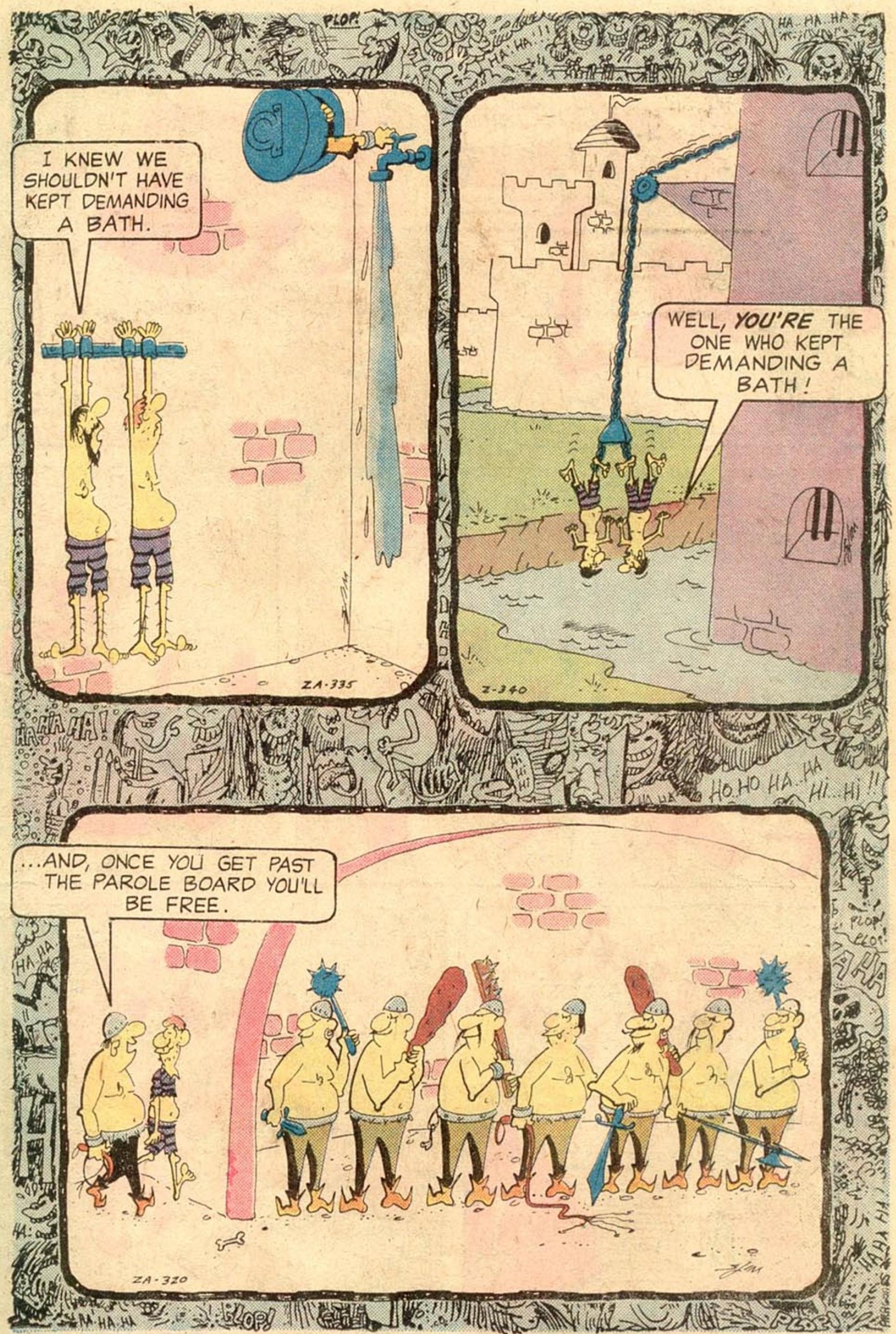
PRESCRIPTION PLOPS






PLOP!
IT'S A BOY.
MATERNITY WARD
DYNA
XXX
ZA-255
HA HA HA HA
HA..HA..HA
HA..HA!
AHA
HAHAHA HOHOHO HIHI!
HA!!!
HA..HA
STOP COMPLAINING --
ZA-107
KEVIN WOODCOCK
...AND POSSIBLE BRAIN DAMAGE.
PHONE
ZA-212
HA..HA
A... HA... HA...
HA..HA
HA..HA
HI..HI HI
PLOP!


FOR ALL YOU DUDES WHO TAKE PRIDE IN YOUR ABILITY TO STAY COOL UNDER STRESS, WE OFFER YOU SHINING EXAMPLES OF...
PRISON PLOPS
NOW THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO REMAIN CALM...
ZA-322

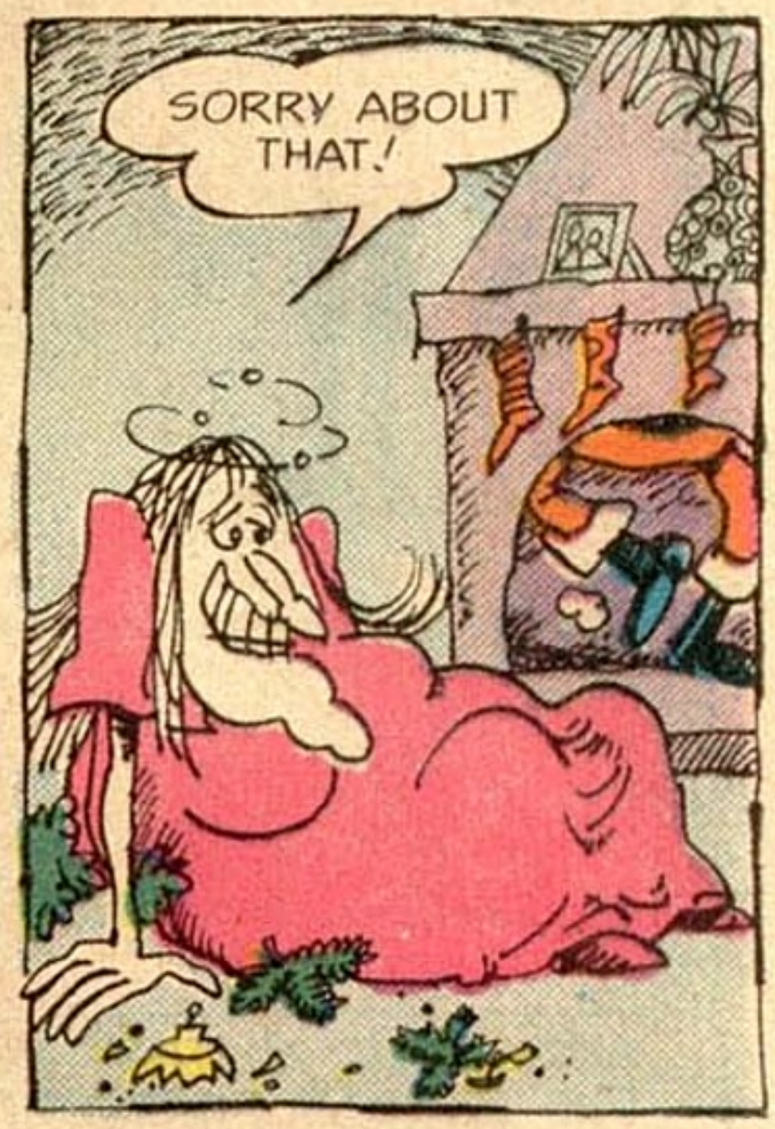

PLOP!
HA HA HA
I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE KEPT DEMANDING A BATH.
ZA-335
WELL, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KEPT DEMANDING A BATH!
Z-340
HA HA HA!
HO HO HA HA
HI HI HI
...AND, ONCE YOU GET PAST THE PAROLE BOARD YOU'LL BE FREE.
ZA-320
PLOP!
HA HA HA

HOW ABOUT THAT, SANTA? WEREN'T THOSE THE BEST STORY AND THE GREATEST JOKES YOU'VE EVER HEARD? HUNH? WASN'T IT?!
BRAVO, ABEL! I'M SURE SANTA TRULY ENJOYED YOUR RECITATION!

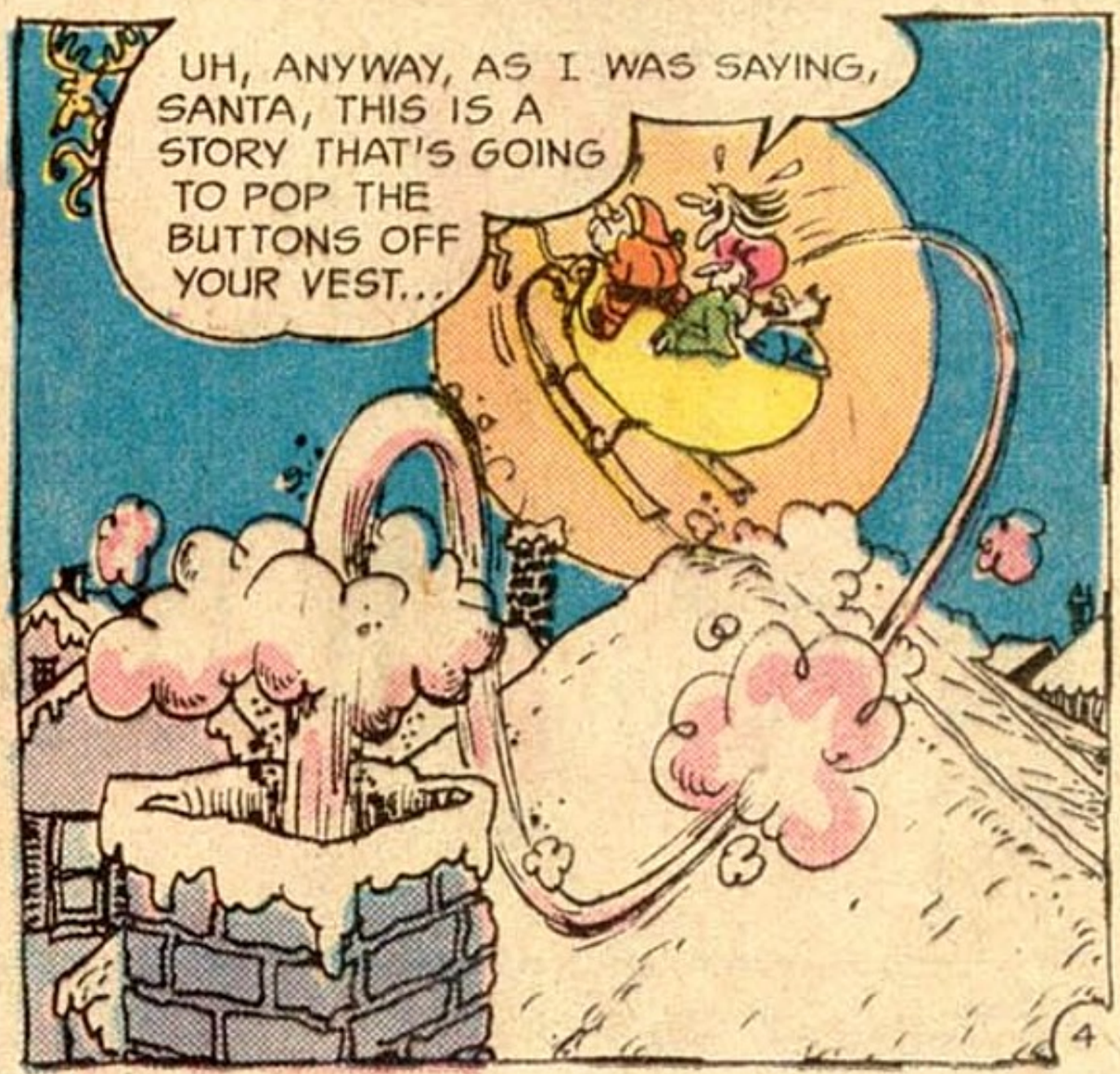
ALLOW ME TO JOIN YOU, SANTA, SO I CAN ENTERTAIN YOU WHILE YOU'RE PUTTING THE PRESENTS AROUND THE TREE!

NOW, SANTA, I HATE TO SAY THIS ABOUT ABEL, BUT MY STORY IS GOING TO MAKE HIS LOOK SICK IN COMPARISON!

CRASH!


SORRY ABOUT THAT!

TH-THAT'S SANTA CLAUS?
EEEKK!
EEEKK!!
click!
ZA-495


UH, ANYWAY, AS I WAS SAYING, SANTA, THIS IS A STORY THAT'S GOING TO POP THE BUTTONS OFF YOUR VEST...

...A CHANGE of DIET!!

HI! GLAD TO SEE YOU! THIS IS A PERFECT TIME FOR A VISIT...

...IN CASE YOU'RE CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT PROFESSOR PFAFF IS UP TO THESE DAYS -- AND WHO ISN'T?

FOR INSTANCE, SEE WHAT I HAVE HERE ON THE PROFESSOR'S DESK? --*A MINIATURE DRAGON!*

NO SMOKING

IGUANIDAE

AGAMIDAE CHLAMYDOSAURUS

XANTUSIIDAE

UROMASTIX

STORY: CORAM NOBIS
Art: RIC ESTRADA

HIC

SMOKE! YOU FORGOT TO FEED *BIG MAX!*

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE HAD DINNER ONLY AN HOUR AGO!

HIC HIC HIC

BURRP GIGGRREPPIZZL

HIC

YOU SEE! HE'S SO HUNGRY HE'S CROSS-EYED! AND A HEART-BURN ON TOP OF IT!

WOOD

COAL

JUST IN TIME!--HIS FIRE IS ALMOST OUT! ... HE NEEDS MORE SOLID FOOD... LESS CHARCOAL AND MORE LOGS!...

HE ONLY LIKES MAHOGONY ...

GLUGG

GYGGRRYGGFF GLOOFF

MAHOGONY IS FOR DESKS, NOT FOR DRAGONS! BESIDES, BIG MAX IS HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT *ANYTHING!*

I'M THINKING OF TRYING HIM ON GARBAGE! NOW FINISH FEEDING HIM AND STOP SHOWING OFF... *DON'T TALK TO THE READERS!*

WHAT AN APPETITE! YOU WOULD THINK HE WAS EATING CHINESE FOOD, THE WAY HE'S HUNGRY AN HOUR LATER...

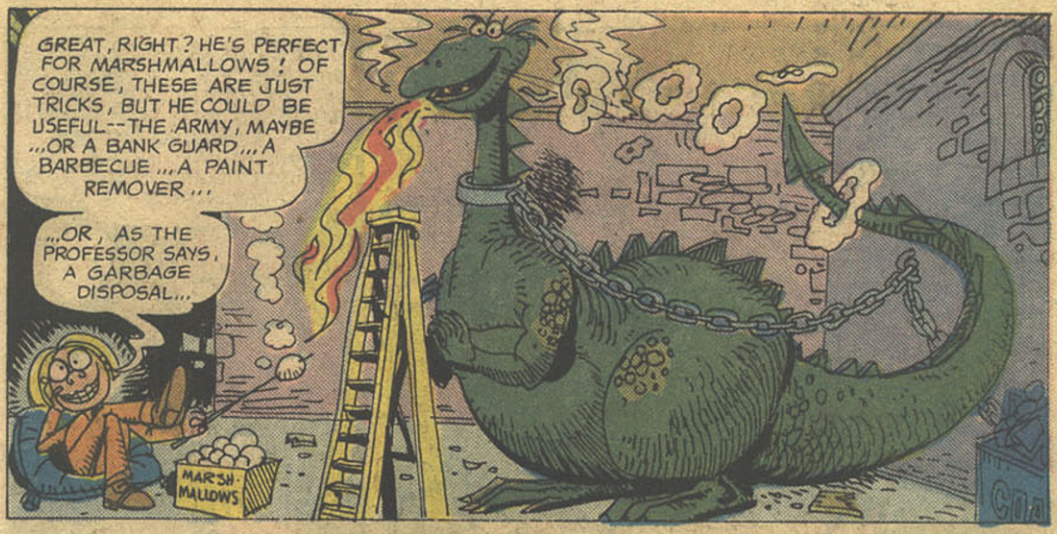
CHOMP KRUNCH

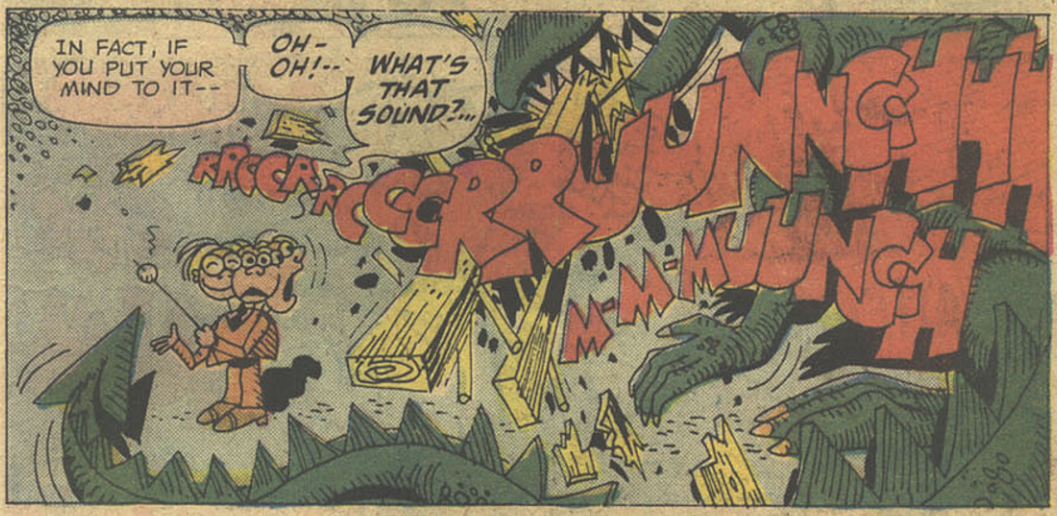
GLUGG

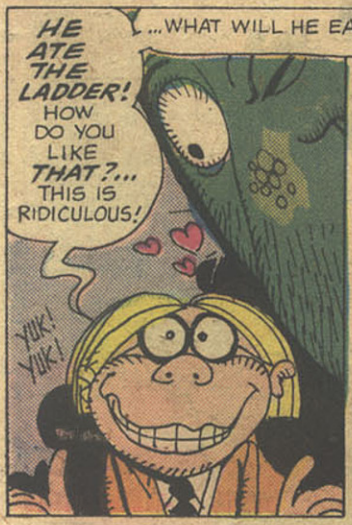
GORK

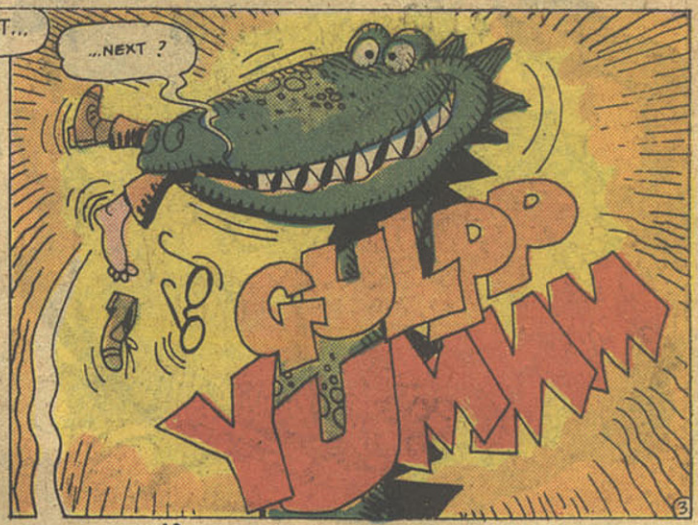
BET YOU WERE SURPRISED WHEN YOU FIRST SAW BIG MAX, HUH? THE PROFESSOR GREW HIM FROM PIPE-LIGHTER SIZE WITH VITAMINS! NOW LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING... I'LL JUST LOOSEN HIS COLLAR A LITTLE SO HE'LL HAVE ROOM TO MOVE...

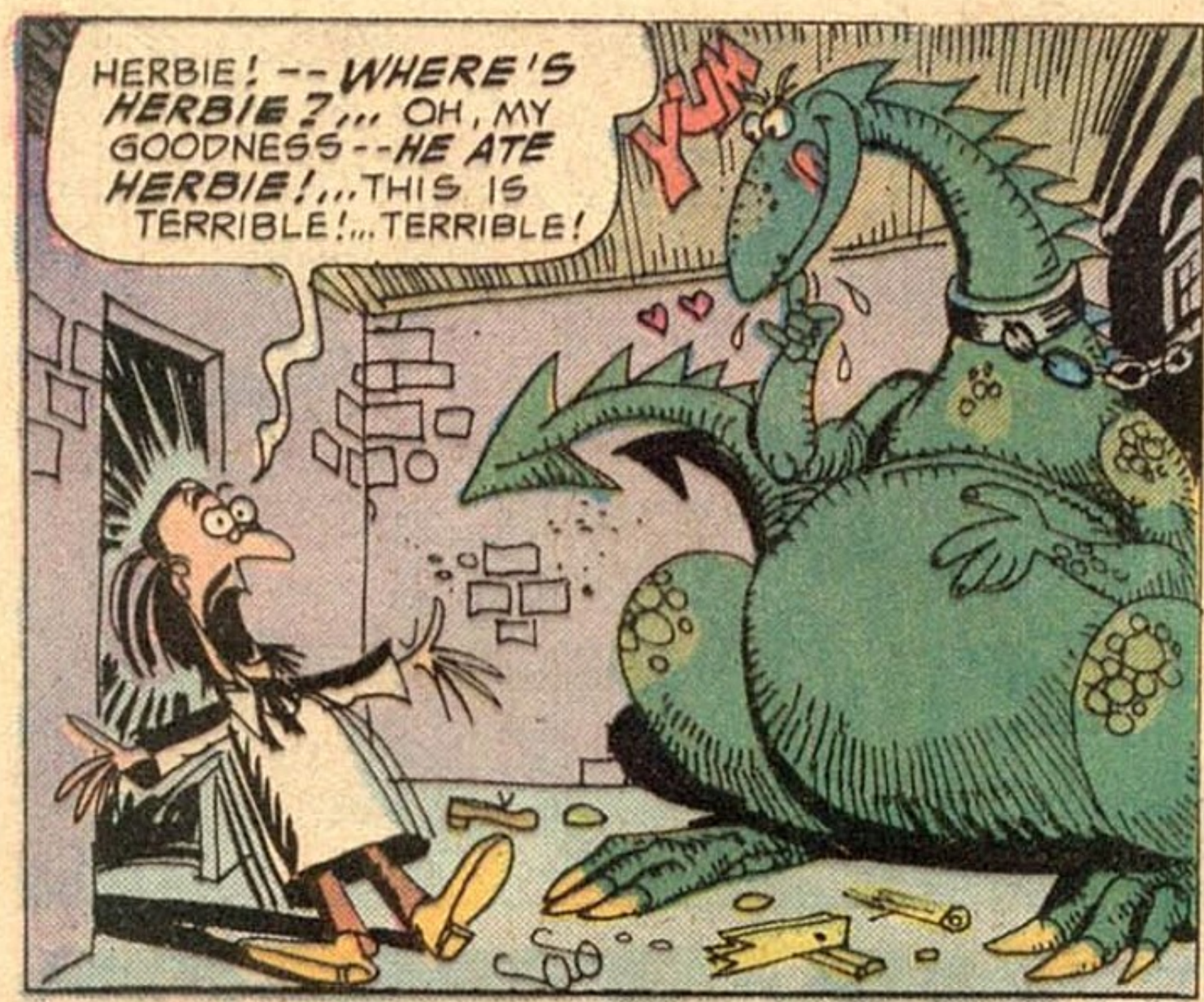
2


GREAT, RIGHT? HE'S PERFECT FOR MARSHMALLOWS! OF COURSE, THESE ARE JUST TRICKS, BUT HE COULD BE USEFUL--THE ARMY, MAYBE ...OR A BANK GUARD... A BARBECUE... A PAINT REMOVER...
...OR, AS THE PROFESSOR SAYS, A GARBAGE DISPOSAL...
MARSH-MALLOWS


IN FACT, IF YOU PUT YOUR MIND TO IT--
OH-OH!--
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?...
FRICCRRCCRRUUNNCHH
M-M MUUNCH


HE ATE THE LADDER! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?... THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
...WHAT WILL HE EAT...
YUK! YUK!


...NEXT?
GULPP
YUMMM



GULPP GULP GULPP CHOMP YUMM (BURP!)

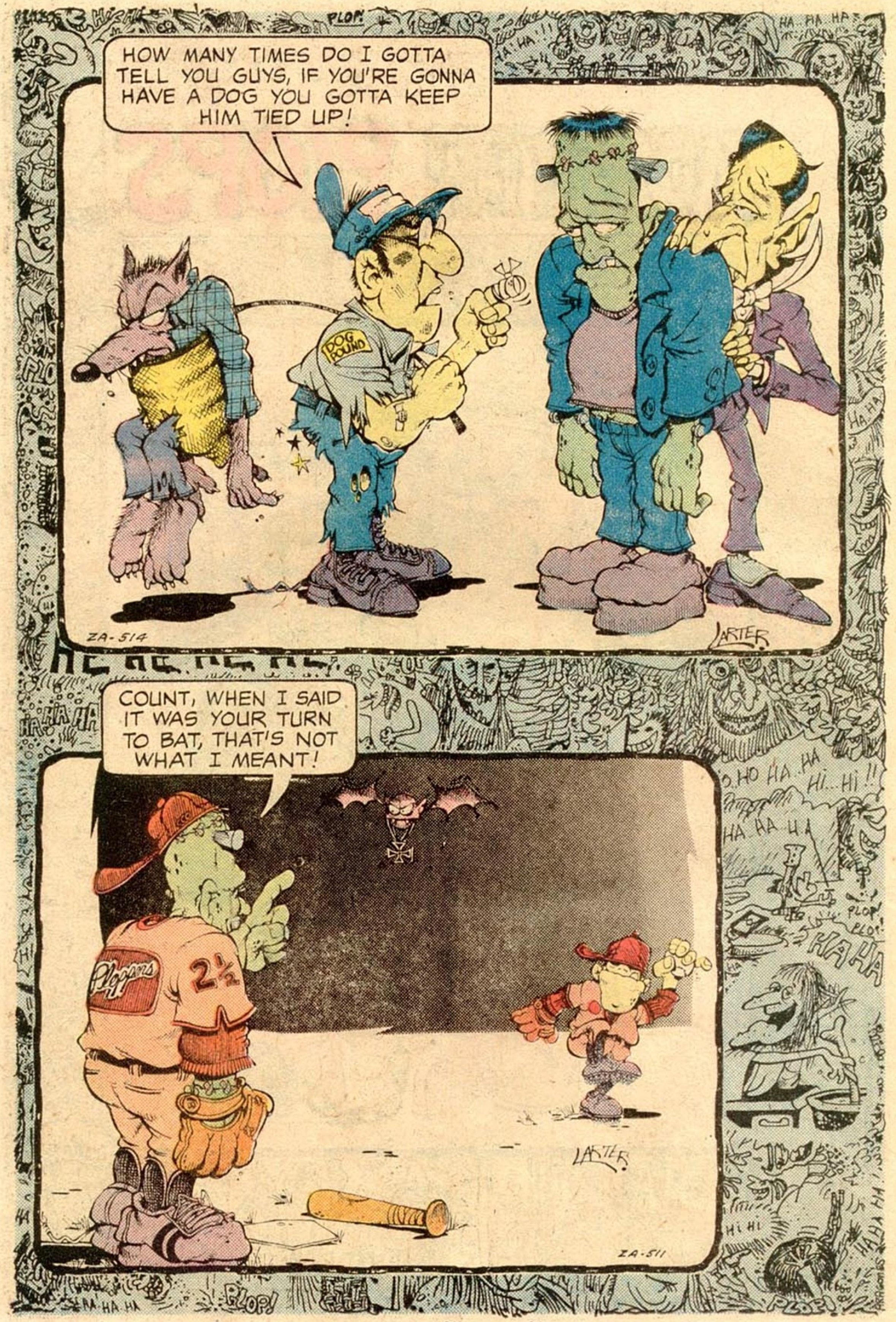
...ATTENTION...!

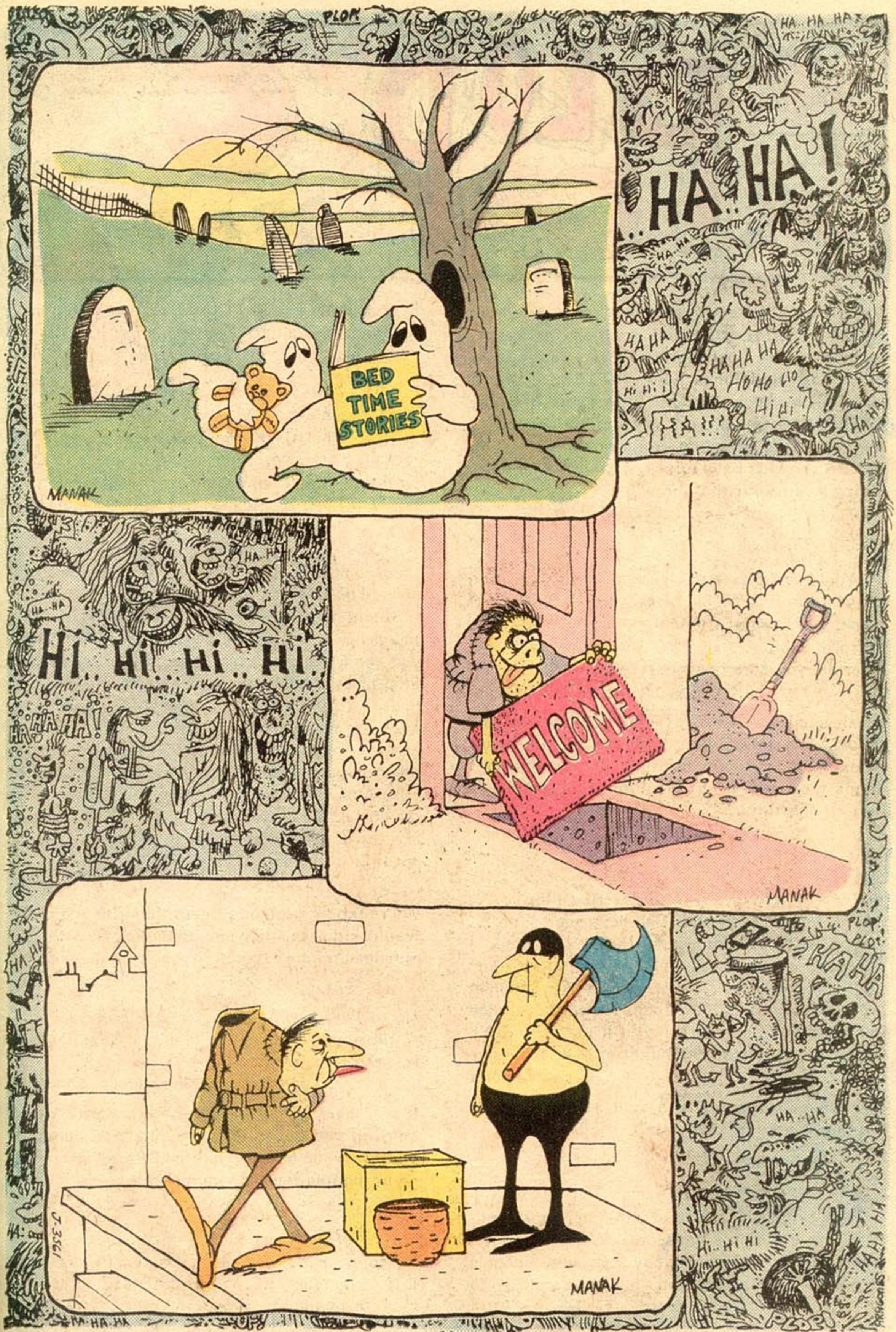
...ANYBODY OUT THERE LIKE TO VOLUNTEER FOR DESERT?... HEE-HEE-HEE!...

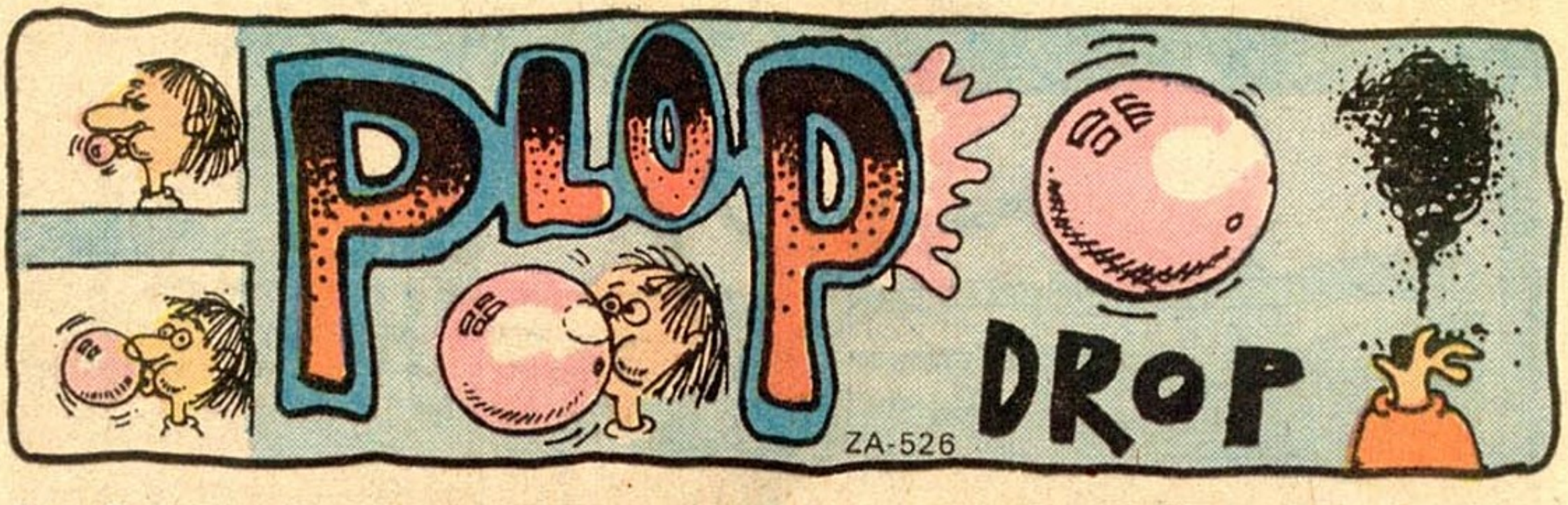
THE END

4

STOP 'DRAGON' YOUR FEET AND COME OVER AND MEET OUR NEW PLOP ARTIST OF THE MONTH. HE'S ASSIGNED TO DRAW ONLY...
MONSTER PLOPS
JOHN.
ZA-422A
HA HA HA!
HA..HA
HA-HA-HA
HI..HI HI
PLOP!
HAHAHO-HO


PLOP!
HA HA HA
HOW MANY TIMES DO I GOTTA TELL YOU GUYS, IF YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A DOG YOU GOTTA KEEP HIM TIED UP!
DOG POUND
ZA-514
LARTER
COUNT, WHEN I SAID IT WAS YOUR TURN TO BAT, THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT!
Pilgrims
2½
LARTER
ZA-511
HO HA HA
HI HI!!
HA HA HA
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA HA
HI HI
HA HA HA
PLOP!


PLOP
HA HA!!
HA HA HA
HA..HA..HA!
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI!
HI HI!
HA!!!
HA HA
BED TIME STORIES
MANAK
HA HA
HA HA
PLOP
HI.. HI.. HI.. HI..
WELCOME
MANAK
PLOP
PLOP
HA HA
HA HA
HI.. HI HI
HA HA HA
J-3561
MANAK



Now, Santa, here's a treat you really wouldn't want to miss! It's the puerile pap our readers try to pass off as funny letters! Every letter is as bright as Rudolph's nose (AFTER it short-circuits), as lively as your little elves (the day AFTER Christmas), and as carefully crafted as the wonderful toys that come out of your shop AFTER the kids have wrecked them)! And now, after all, on with the show . . .

. . . . .

Dear Plop,

Would you please tell me how Basil Wolverton drew "Byron Bigbrain III" for the cover of **PLOP** #7? I mean, it's a **brain**! I thought you guys had never heard of a brain, and didn't know what one was. After all, you sure don't have one!

Roger Benson, Rankin, Michigan

Basil used the best possible source—a live model. The real Byron Bigbrain III has never been seen in public because the government keeps him secret, but we Plop people consult him all the time.

. . . . .

Dear ?

There's only one way to describe **Plop**! . . . . . um . . . hmmm . . . well . . . ah, let's see . . . no . . . maybe, well . . . ummm, could it be . . . possibly . . . I don't know . . . gee . . . . that's close, but not just right . . . how about . . . naw . . . sort of . . . ahhhhh . . . ohh . . . not this . . . perhaps . . . nope . . . could be, could be . . . well, I'll find it if my name isn't

Mike Fasman, Auburndale, Massachussets
. . . kinda-sorta

Hey Mike, since you're a split personality can we count you as TWO PLOP readers?

. . . . .

Dear Asylum People,

Plop is funnier than used kitty litter, leaky bed-pans, the Watergate transcripts, World War Two, mace, the St. Valentine's day massacre, bubonic plague, and H. R. Haldeman's haircut, all rolled into one. Keep up the good work.

A question about #7: could the lawn monster's real name be Forrest? Of course, that would make him (yechh) Forrest Lawn!

Don Vaughn, Lake Worth, Florida

. . . . .

Dear Plop,

Hello, Abel, Cain and Eve. Allow me to introduce myself. I am one of the idiots insane enough to write you. But I'm not a real live moron, despite the fact that I just finished reading **Plop** #7 and I liked it!

Guess you can't be much more intelligent though, or else why the heck would you be doing such a nutty magazine?

Now I'm going to bore you with a list of all the things I like about **Plop**. I like the covers (they taste just like McDonald's big Macs). I like the Table of Plop-tents (it reads just like a menu at a cheap hash house). I like the introductions (who doesn't like meeting new people). I like the Plops (no logic here). I like the stories (and even less here). I like the Plop-guests (some of them are almost human). I like Abel, Cain, and Eve (nothing like buttering up the hosts). Did I leave anything out? Oh yes, I don't like the staples. When I try to eat them they get stuck in my teeth!

Paula Jablonka, Brooklyn, New York

We're much more intelligent than this magazine would indicate—it's just that we want to give our dear readers exactly what they deserve!

. . . . .

Horse Plop (Deers are out of season),

How come Gregory didn't appear in your seventh issue? I miss him.

Gregory Lunzer, Minneapolis, Minnesota

If you were going to talk about Gregory, Cain's beloved pet, the least you could have done was address your letter "Gargoyle Plop." Honestly, some people have no manners.

. . . . .

To any of the Ploppers this may concern:
P is for puke . . . . . which this mag makes me do,
L is for lunatic . . . . . which describes all of you,
O is for oddities . . . you're all odd, it's true,
P is for puerile . . . . . it's y'all through and through.

If you take the first letter,
From all those odd words,
Then put them all together,
They'll spell something absurd!

It doesn't take too much knowledge,
To know S-T-O-P spells stop,
But what kind of word is this,
P-L-O-P ..... plop?

If you think the name is odd,
You should see the magazine,
It's got the weirdest pictures,
And worst stories I've ever seen.

I can think of only one thing,
That's going right for me,
If I were under oath,
This would all be perjury.

Linda Blacken, Hampton, Virginia

. . . . .

Dear Ploppingers,

Once again I was elated (that means happy, dummy) that I had squandered my life savings on **Plop** #7.

Could you answer a question that haunts my sleepless nights: Who mops up after **Plop**?

Un-Mop McCartney, President of DSDP, Inc.
(Don't Stop Da **Plop**, Inc.)
Address Known, But who's telling?

Nobody does—that's why there's all those funny colors splashed on the pages.

. . . . .

Dear Plop,

All right, you half-witted dunces! What's the idea of saying that your next issue will be on sale in June and putting August on the cover? This is your biggest stupidity to date, and that's saying a lot!

Matthew Witting, Address Unknown

That's business stupidity, having something to do with those funny guys who publish this magazine. We don't know anything about it—EXCEPT that from now on they want us to do twice as much PLOP! That's right, now we're gonna be monthly, in response to thousands of requests (or at least Chris McGuire asking)! Watch for us on your newsstand four weeks from now, and meanwhile send us your letters! We got 300 letters on #7, and we want to beat that record on #10! Our address is: PLOP DROP, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019.

. . . . .

See Santa, wasn't that fun? Now let's get on with the stories and gags . . .

PUT A LITTLE PLOP IN YOUR LIFE!

GET A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!

900038
NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
155 ALLEN BLVD., FARMINGDALE, N.Y. 11735

Please start my subscription for $3.00 worth of PLOP!

I enclose $ 3.00 (check or money order)
($4.00 outside U.S.A.) Make check payable to:
NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.

NAME .....
Print or type name and full address

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

ALLOW 10 WEEKS FOR FIRST DELIVERY!

WHADDYA THINK, SANTA? I ASK YOU--HAVE YOU EVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YOUR LIFE?!
GREAT EVE! I KNOW SANTA MUST BE HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE!
HA..HA..HA!!

LISTEN, WHY CAN'T YOU JUST WAIT BACK AT THE SLEIGH?! YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR LADY FRIEND THERE DID?! SHE...
DON'T WORRY, SANTA! EVE IS A CLUMSY KLUTZ, BUT I'M AS SURE-FOOTED AS A MOUNTAIN GOAT!

I CAN HANDLE ANY SITUATION! WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE TOUGH GET GOING!

OOPS!

WHOOSH!

UGH!!
OOF!
SCRAK!

OF COURSE...HEH, HEH... CLIMBING DOWN CHIMNEYS IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE! IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I DID ANY BREAKING AND ENTERING!
OH GAD! YOU CLUMSY OAF!
ZA-495

AND SPEAKING OF BREAKING AND ENTERING, ALLOW ME TO BREAK INTO ONE OF THE GREATEST STORIES EVER TOLD!
CLINK!
TINGLE
TINGLE
TINGLE
5

HE SLINKS THROUGH THE BACK ALLEYS BY NIGHT, SEARCHING FOR CRIME IN THE OFFING, HOPING TO DO HIS BIT FOR SOCIETY. CAN HE TRIUMPH OVER CRIME? WILL HE MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY? DOES ANYBODY CARE?

THE SECRET ORIGIN OF GROOBLE MAN!

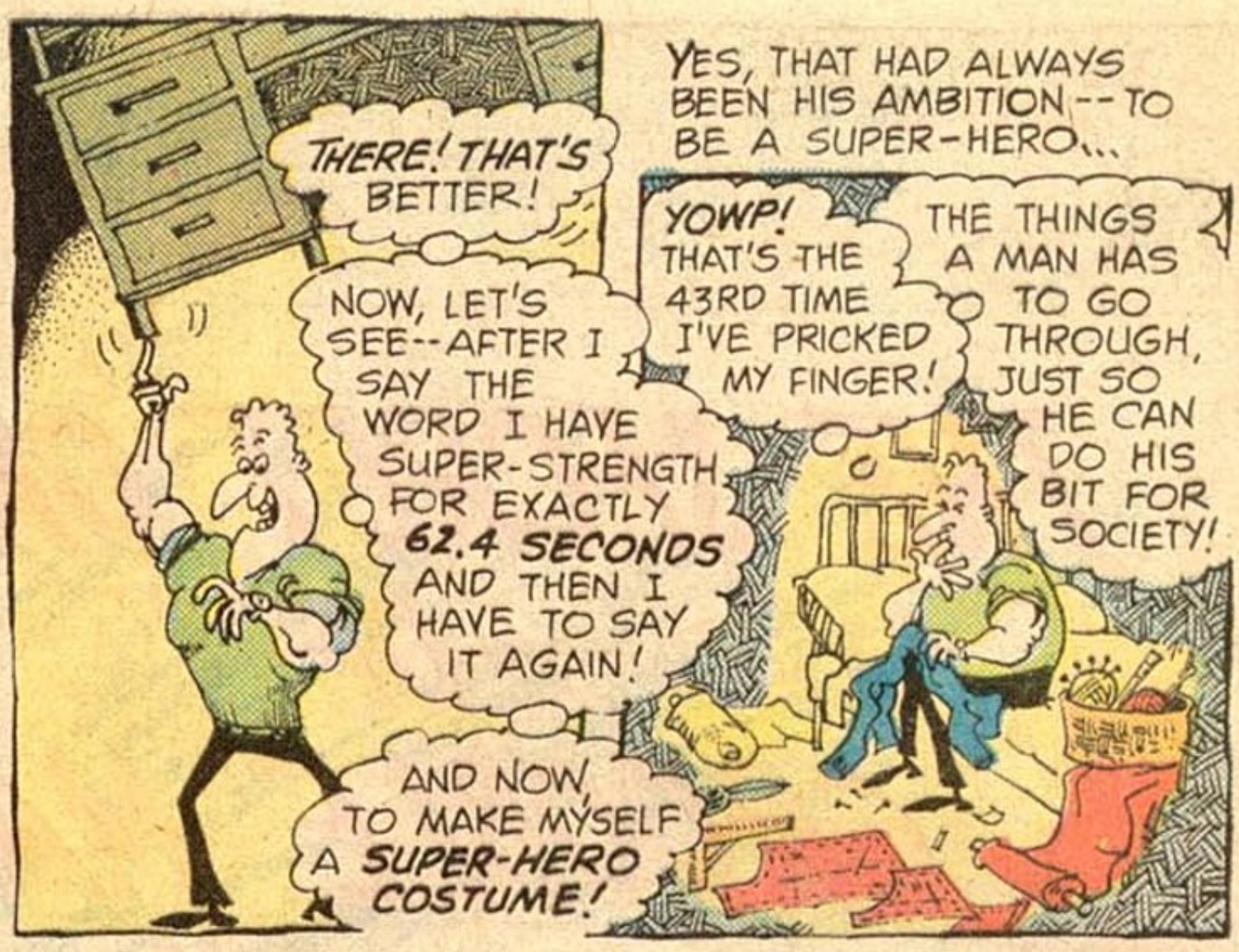
HOTEL POBES

240

IDEA: JOHN JACOBSON
SCRIPT: STEVE SKEATES
ART: SERGIO ARAGONES

IT BEGINS HERE... IN AN ORDINARY SUBURBAN DWELLING...AS AN ORDINARY MAN READS AN ANCIENT, MYSTICAL TEXT...

UH-OH! THIS DESK IS GETTING HEAVY, MAN! I'M STARTING TO LOSE MY SUPER-STRENGTH!
I'D BETTER SAY THE WORD AGAIN!
GROOBLE!


THERE! THAT'S BETTER!
NOW, LET'S SEE--AFTER I SAY THE WORD I HAVE SUPER-STRENGTH FOR EXACTLY 62.4 SECONDS AND THEN I HAVE TO SAY IT AGAIN!
AND NOW, TO MAKE MYSELF A SUPER-HERO COSTUME!
YES, THAT HAD ALWAYS BEEN HIS AMBITION--TO BE A SUPER-HERO...
YOWP! THAT'S THE 43RD TIME I'VE PRICKED MY FINGER!
THE THINGS A MAN HAS TO GO THROUGH, JUST SO HE CAN DO HIS BIT FOR SOCIETY!

THAT AFTERNOON, AROUND 2:37
WHAT A BUMMER THIS IS!
I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR FIFTEEN WHOLE MINUTES AND I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND ANY CRIMINAL ACTIVITY! IF--

WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE MEN!
SURE LOOKS TO ME LIKE THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD!
BANK

ALL RIGHT, YOU THREE! HOLD IT RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!
I'M HERE TO FOIL YOUR FOUL CRIMINAL LEANINGS!
HUNH?
WHAT'S WITH THIS BOZO?

GROOBLE!
POW!

SOCK!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE?

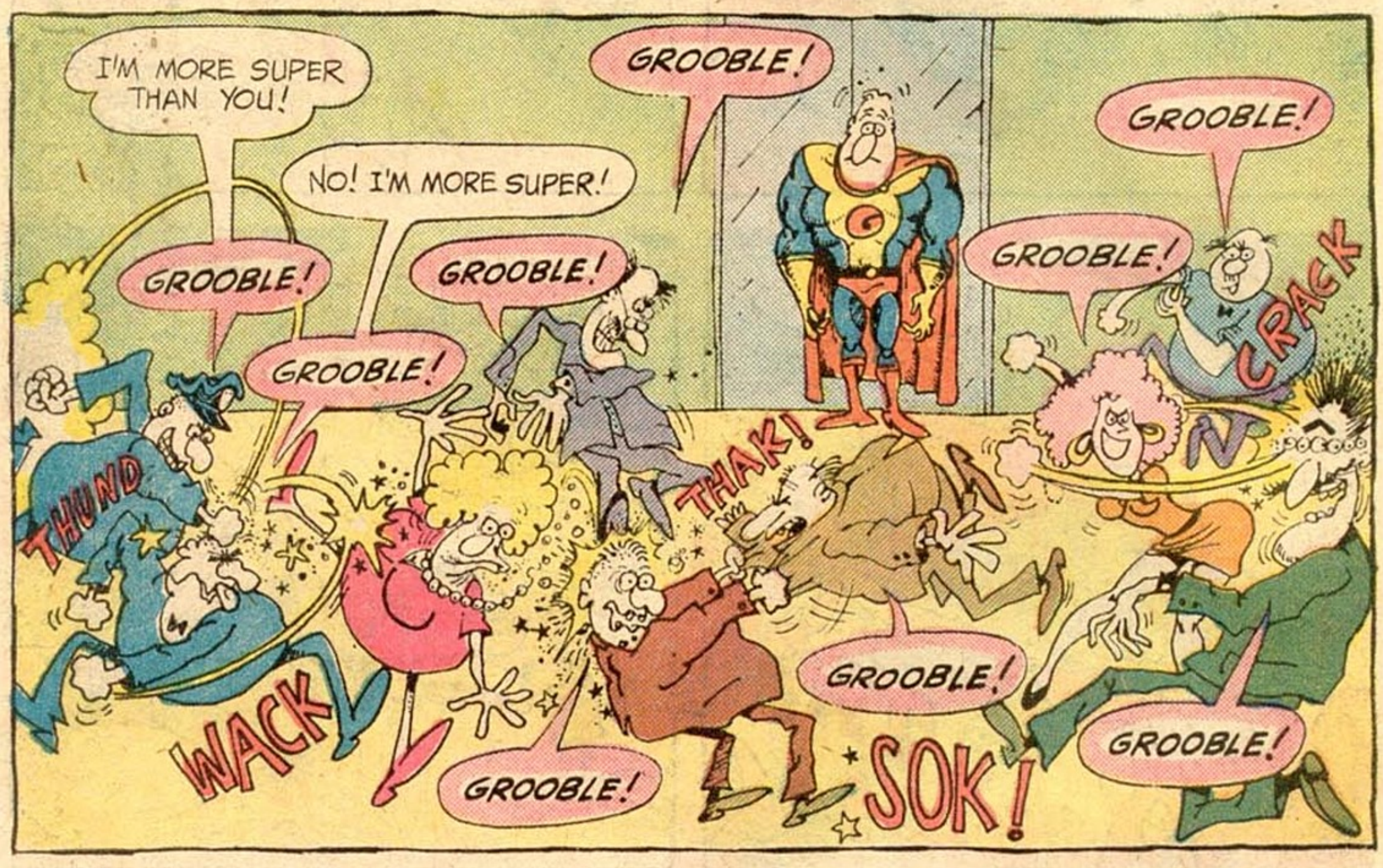
HEY! WAIT A SECOND!...
THOK!

THAT WORD HE KEEPS SAYING! PERHAPS IF I SAY IT--
GROOBLE!

YES! IT WORKED! I CAN FEEL POWER COURSING THROUGH MY VEINS!
I'M SUPER NOW! SUPER-CRIMINAL!
THUND
ZOOM
GROOBLE.
GROOBLE?

OH YEH? WELL, WE BYSTANDERS CAN PLAY THE SAME GAME!
GROOBLE!
WOOMP!
AND NOW, I'M SUPER-BANK GUARD!
GROOBLE?

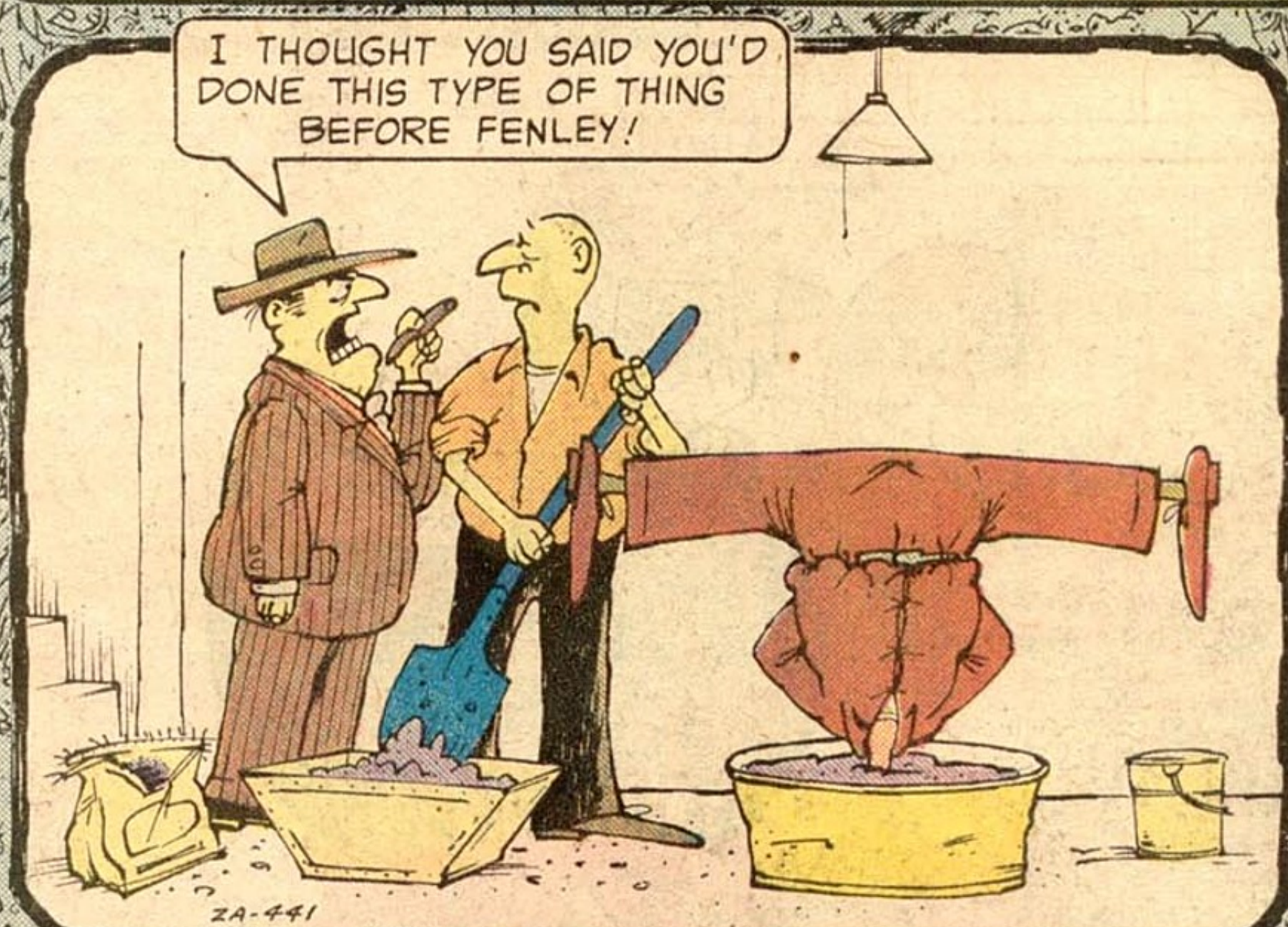
AND I--
WACK
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
--AM SUPER-HOUSEWIFE!

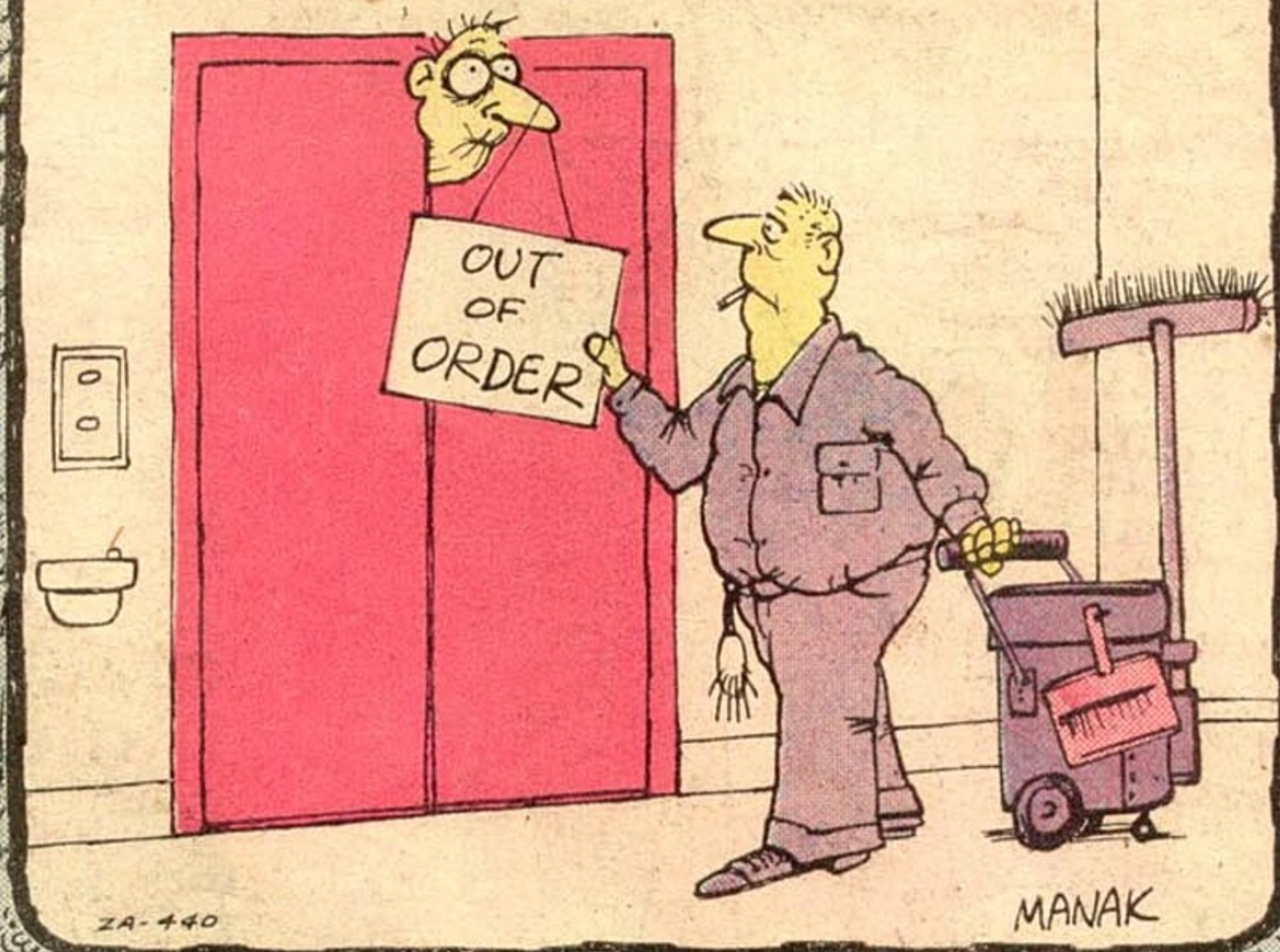

I'M MORE SUPER THAN YOU!
NO! I'M MORE SUPER!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
THUND
WACK
THAK!
CRACK
SOK!

TAKE THIS, YOU RAT!
YOU ASKED FOR IT, MISTER!
HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, FELLA!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
GROOBLE!
TUND
SOK!
THUMP!
PLOW!
BAM!
SMEK!
WACK
BAM!
POW!
THIS IS GETTING OUTTA HAND! I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!
THERE MUST BE A BETTER WAY TO BECOME A SUPER-HERO! MAYBE, IF I GO HOME AND FIX UP SOME SORT OF MAGIC POTION...
END

YOU CAN'T GET A ***JOB*** UNLESS YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE BUT YOU CAN'T GET ***EXPERIENCE*** UNLESS YOU GET A JOB. SO HERE'S INSTANT EXPERIENCE--A FEW ON-THE-JOB TRAINING SITUATIONS THAT LEAD TO...

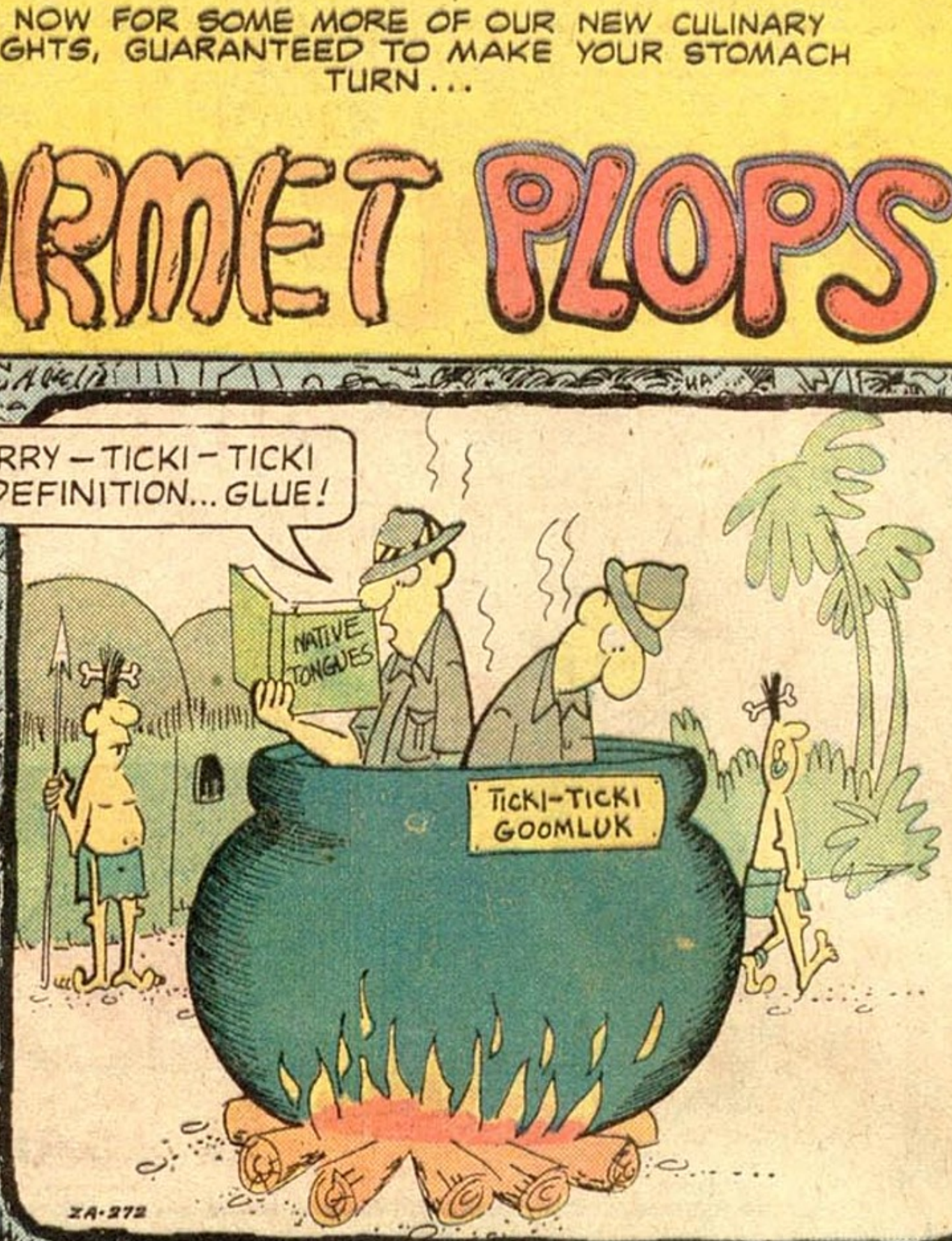
PEOPLE PLOPS

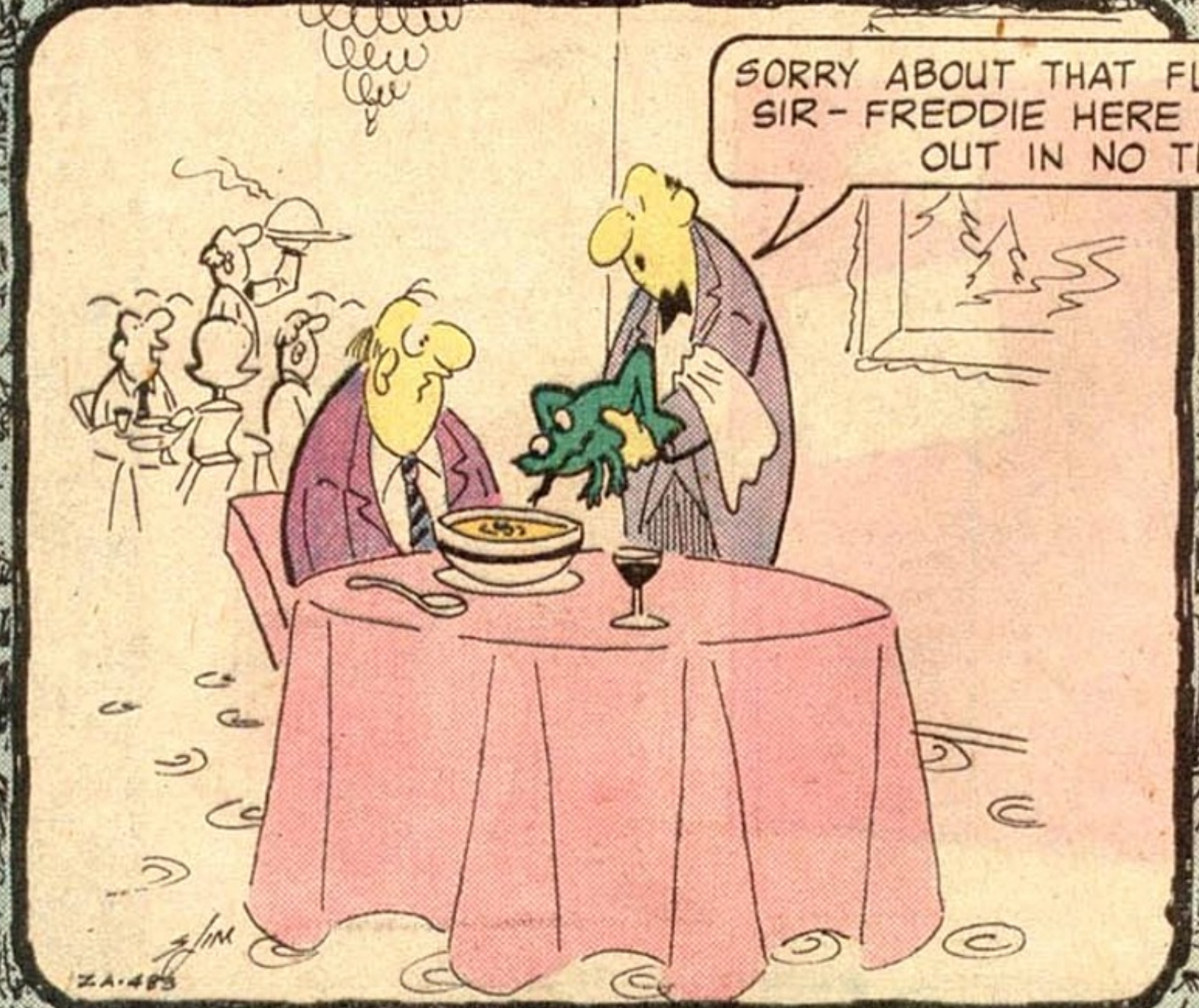




AND NOW FOR SOME MORE OF OUR NEW CULINARY DELIGHTS, GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR STOMACH TURN...

GOURMET PLOPS

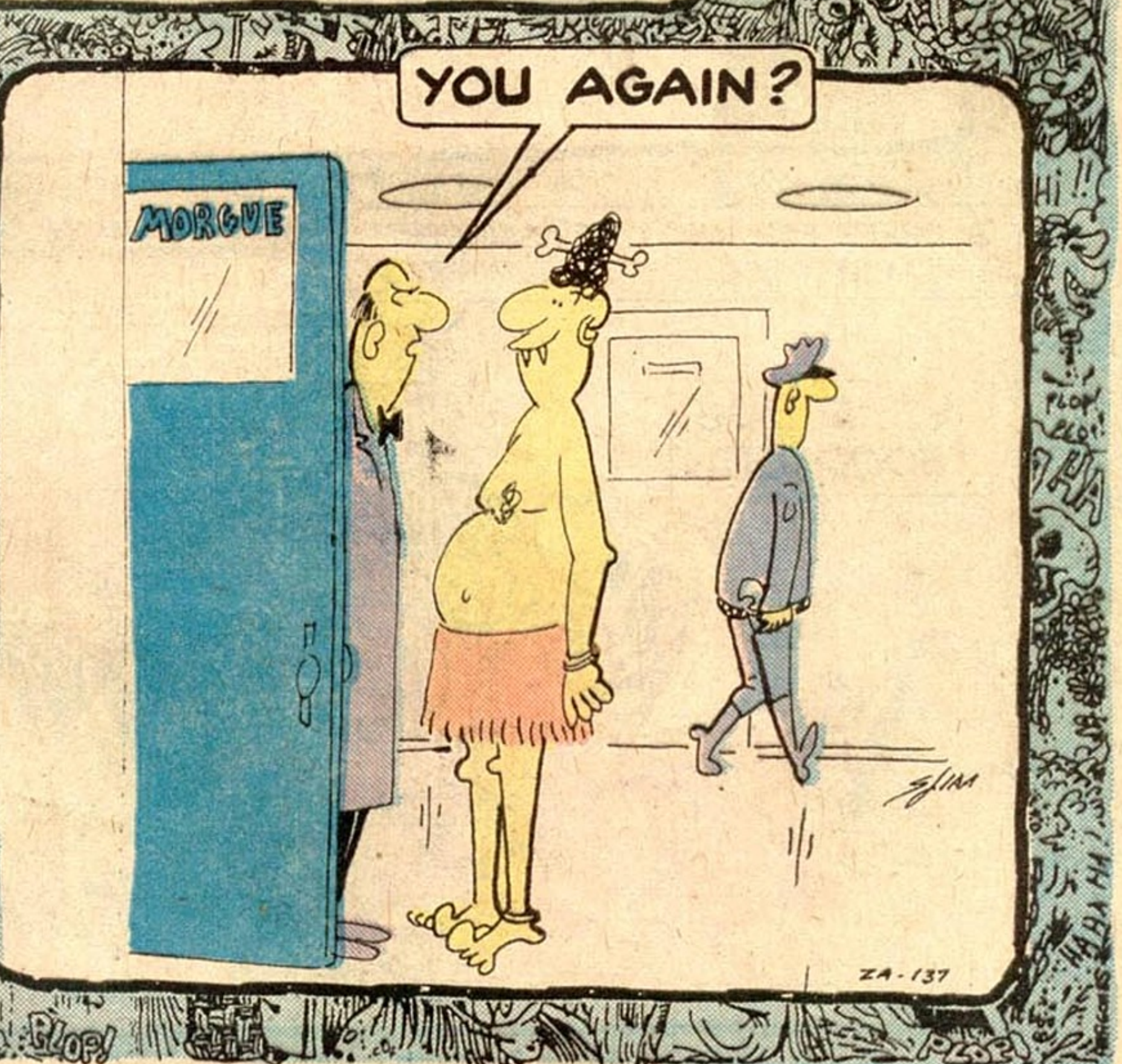




YES, IT'S NICE OF THEM TO GIVE US A BATH, BUT I CAN'T GET OVER HOW THIS BAR OF SOAP LOOKS LIKE AN ONION!
ZA-164

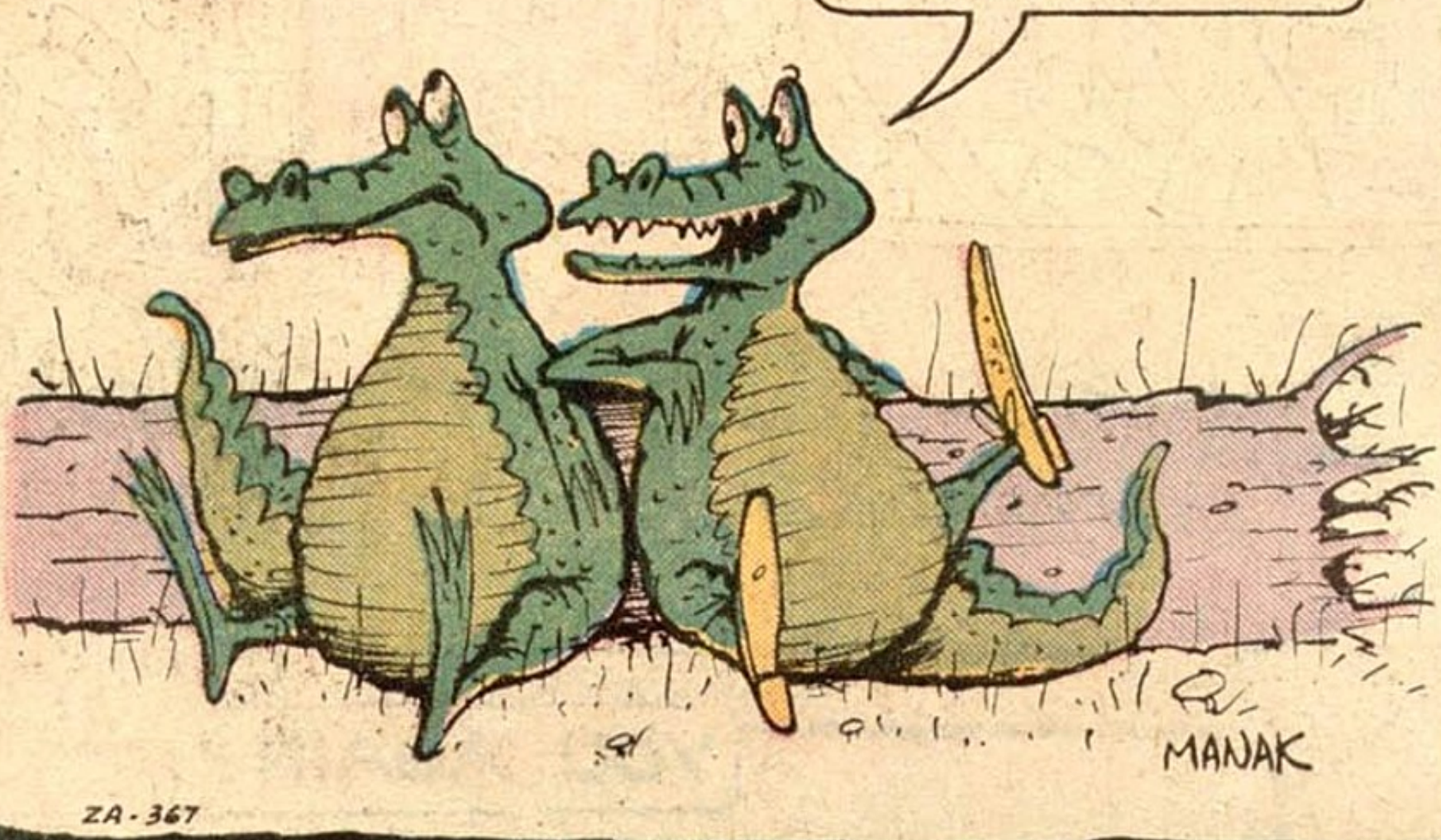
HA HA!

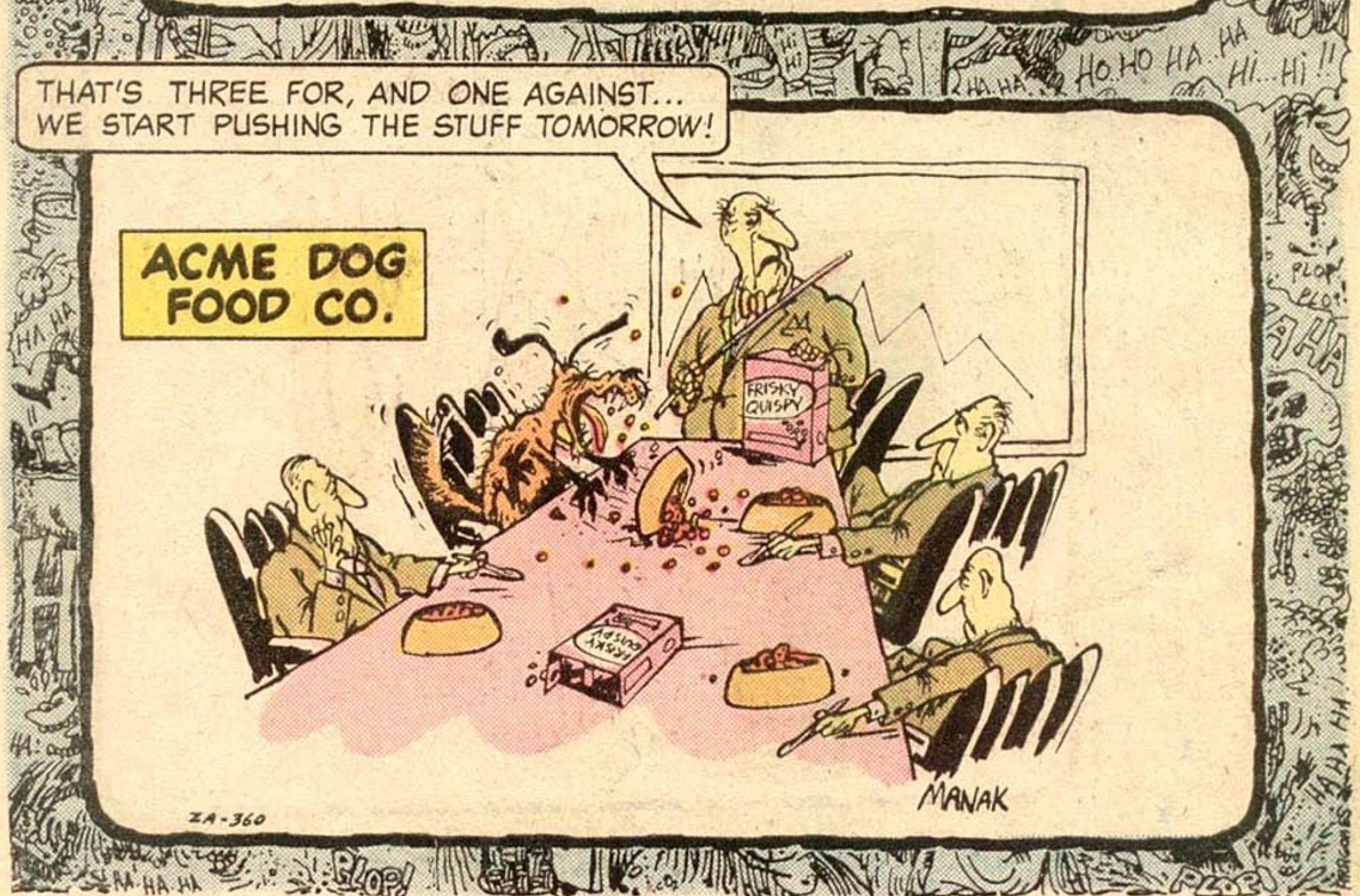
HA HA!
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA HA

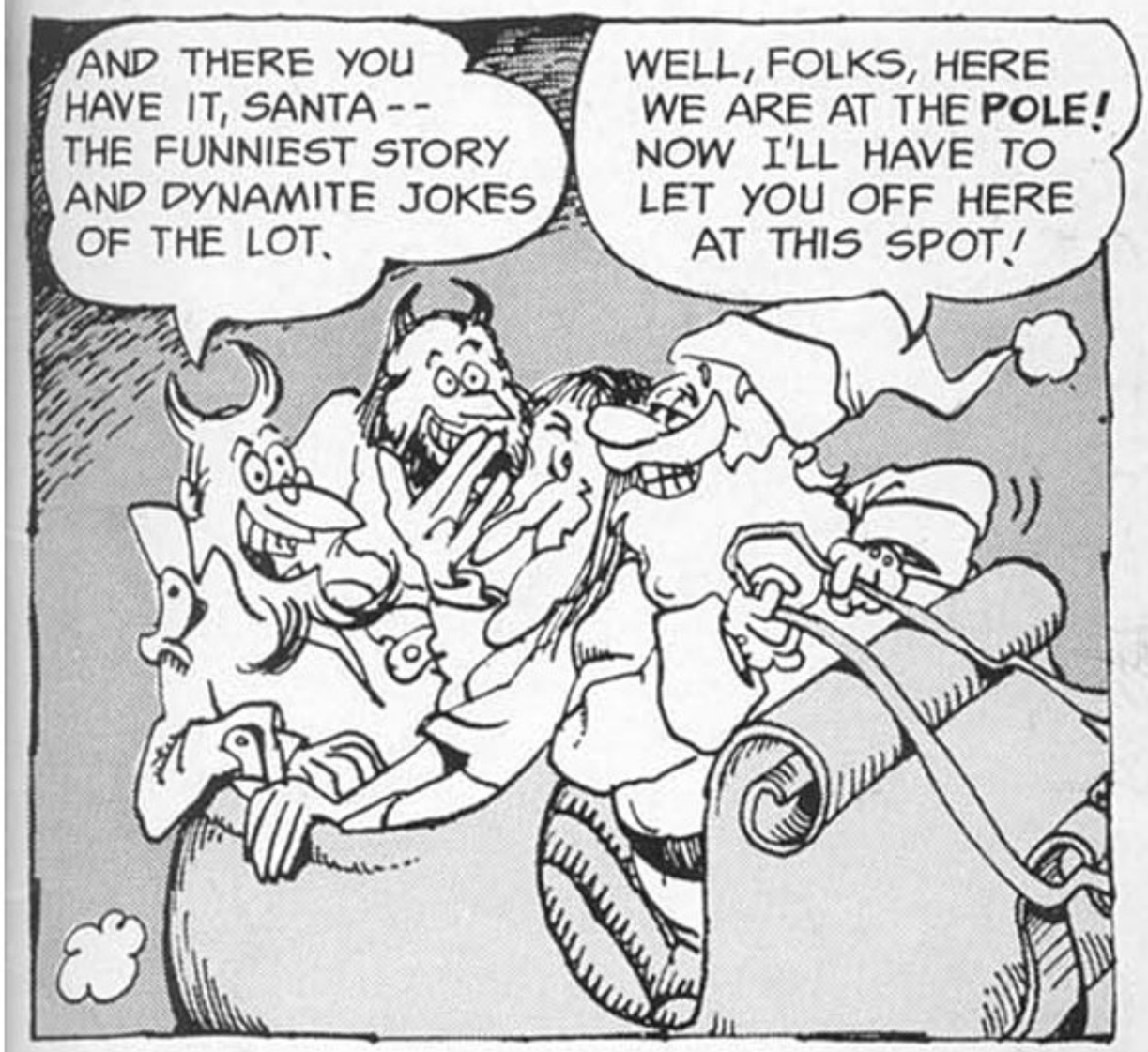

YOU AGAIN?
MORGUE
ZA-137

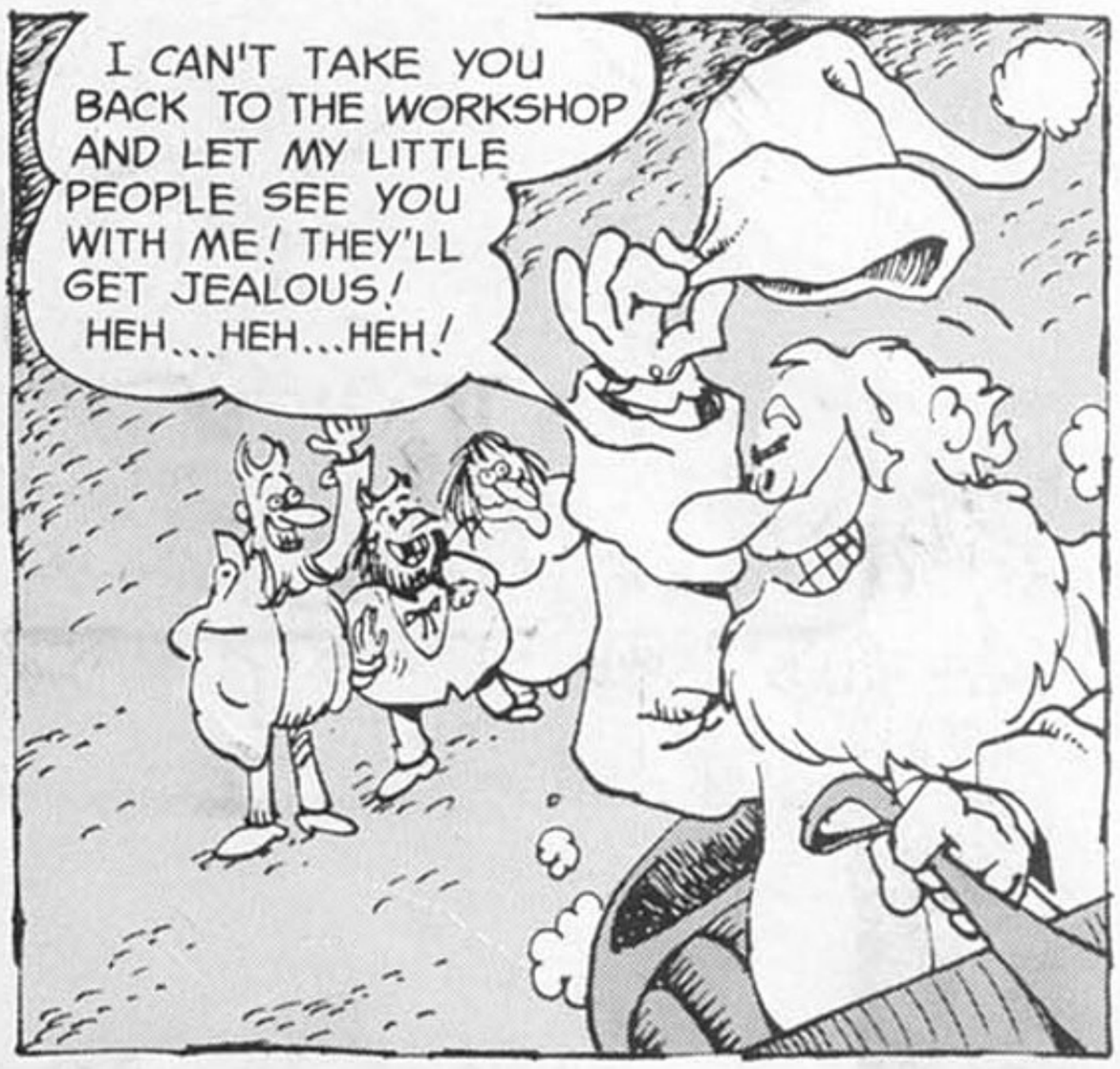
WE'VE BEEN RECEIVING ALL KINDS OF PROTESTS FOR IGNORING ALL YOU BEASTS OUT THERE, SO HERE'S A FEW TID-BITS WE CALL...

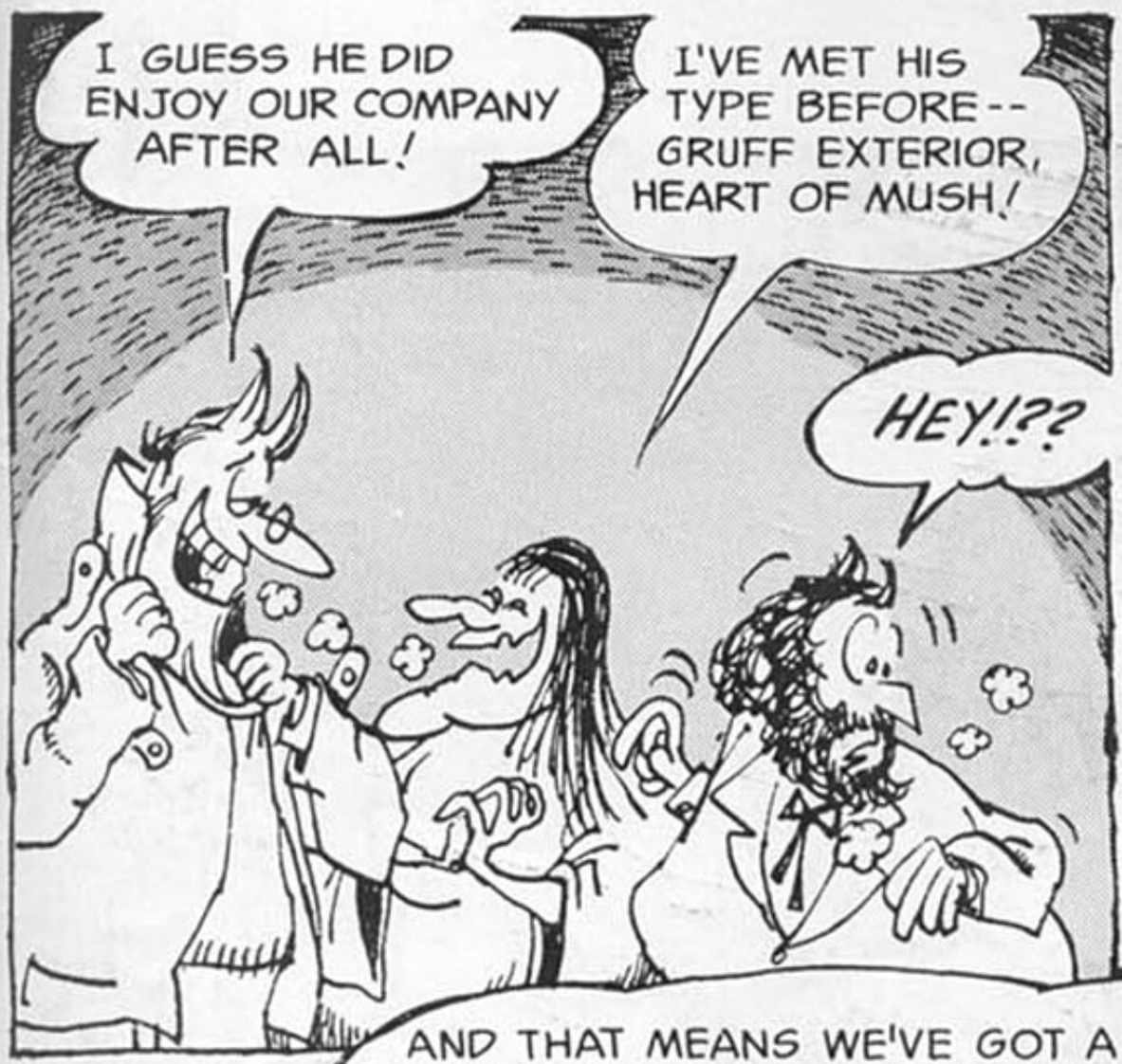
ANIMAL PLOPS

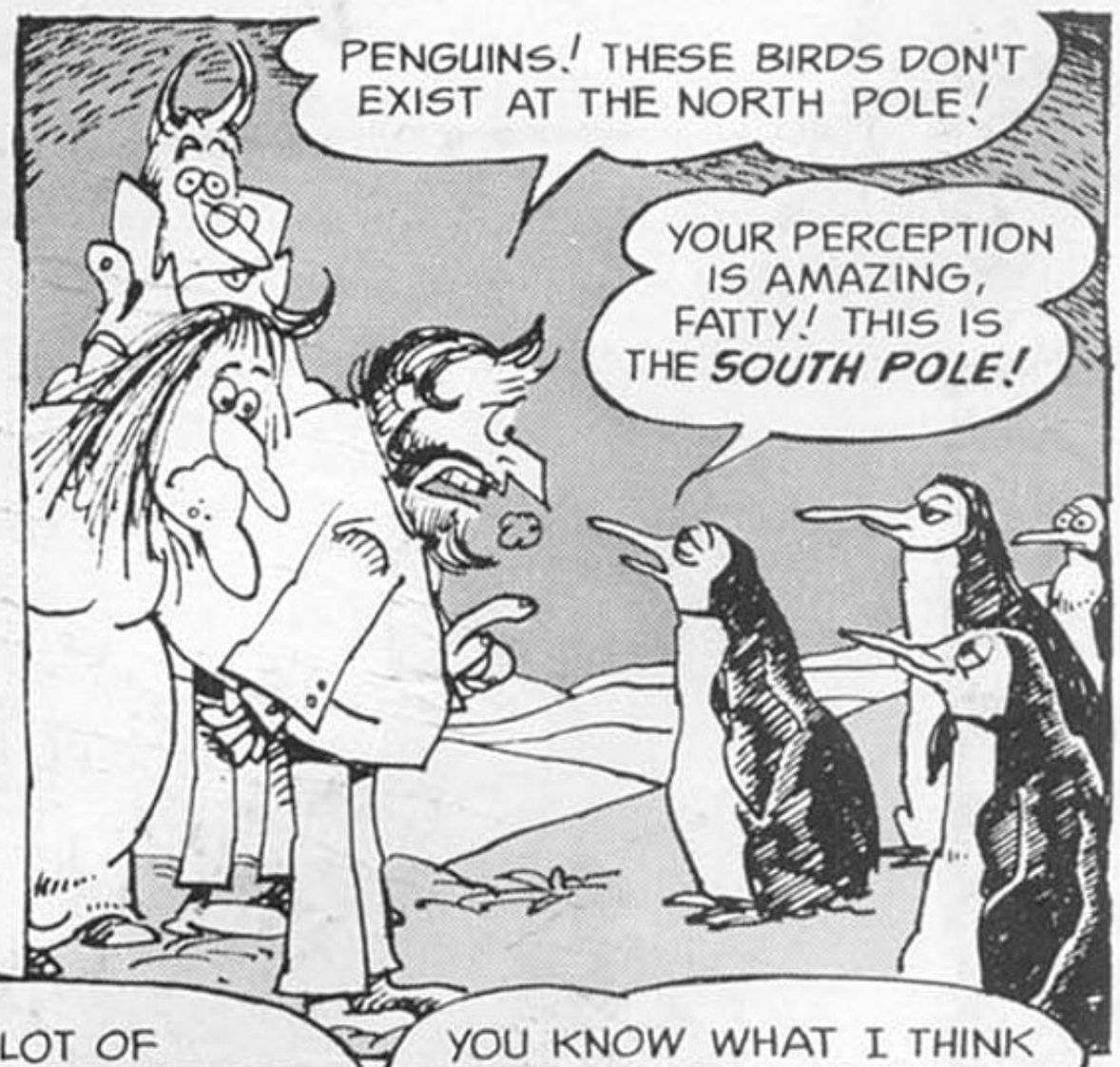




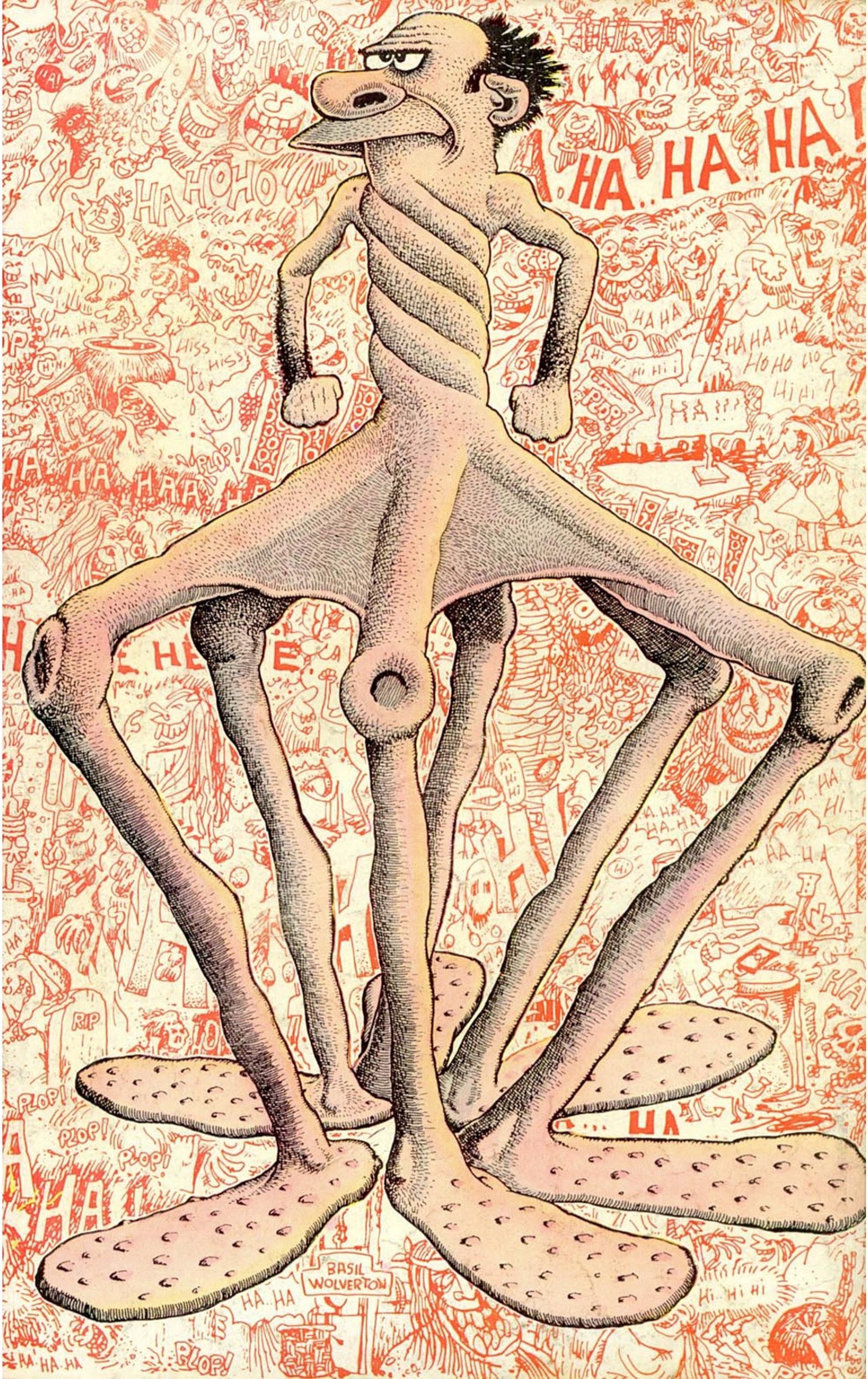








NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE FOURTH WEEK IN JANUARY


HA..HA..HA!
HA HO HO
HA..HA
HISS HISS
HA HA
HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI!
HA!!!
PLOP!
HA HA HAA
HE
E
HA
HI HI HI
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA HA
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA!
HA
BASIL WOLVERTON
HA..HA
HI..HI HI
HA HA HA
PLOP!